

Anarchists Child

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Collections:	Mar's Big Library (dsmp) , sbi fics i want to be read aloud at my funeral , mcyt fanfic library <3 , Dream SMP fics that butter my bread , Heart eye emoji , The Goodest Shit™ , I love sbi fics , SBI Fics (mostly Techno-centric) , BEDROCK BROSSSS (sobs w head in hands) , fics that i think about a lot , hello yes i can't stop thinking about these works , Mai's Minecraft Bookshelf , Literally the embodiment of 'chefs kiss' , STOP GODS-DAMN FORGETTING , SBI timee , Fluffy Adoption Stories , Dream SMP Classical Collections , Dark SBI no I dont have a problem , Deadly Favorites , bee's fics for ariel , SBI but I'm ✨M e n t a l l y I l l ✨ , Fluffy shit
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Anarchists Child

by [Flustered](#)

Summary

It had taken Tommy an embarrassingly long time to figure out what happened. Everything was a blur of colors and sensations and all Tommy could do was cry. The shriek of a child rang in his ears and it took him a long moment to realize it was him who was making that noise.

It kind of set in when Tommy looked down at himself and saw little hands and they moved whenever he tried to move his own arms and-

He was a child. A literal infant. A baby. The one thing that Tommy was not. Because he was a big man and big men did not have little pudgy fists and wailed endlessly.

It was impossible, and yet- here he was. Bundled up in the crook of Phil's arm and tiny.

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AKA 'Tommy turns into a baby' au that literally nobody asked for. But it's a good thing he has two new criminal dads to look after him.

Although they might not let Tommy go after this is over.

On indefinite hiatus

Notes

DARKSBI DISCLAIMER BRRUUHH

All relationships are platonic. If a CC says they are uncomfortable with this, I will take it down.

Please heed all of the tags. But welcome to my crack fic, it's going to be a fun one! I had a lot of fun making this and sharing it with my friends. So I hope you enjoy the shenanigans!

Small warning for the first chapter: mention of cannibalisms and animal death.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

A crow cawed.

It's scratchy guttural noise cut through the void, and slowly brought awareness to Tommy. Drawing Tommy's consciousness out of the dark depths and into the living world. It was agony. Everything was just horribly painful. And Tommy wanted to sink back into unconsciousness again just to avoid it all.

Prime, could it just shut up?

Another crow cawed. The sound of wings flapping, hitting something metal over and over again. The talons of the bird scratching and clicking at iron. There was more than one bird. Screeching out, over and over. And the noise was forcing Tommy awake. His eyes opened sluggishly, and found the area was dimly lit. Thank goodness, because even the light from the embers of the fire was enough to make Tommy's eyes tear up.

Something was popping. Spitting and bubbling. And Tommy blinked a few times, completely baffled as to what he was seeing. His headache pounded behind his eyes. And it took him an embarrassingly long time to understand what he was looking at.

The ground was a sloping incline made up of thick grass thatch. And the ceiling was flat. What was weird was that everything was stuck to the ceiling. A rickety old table that looked like it could fall over with a push. Along with a large black cauldron that was simmering with thick tar-like liquid inside of it.

Oh wait.

Everything wasn't stuck to the ceiling, it was the opposite.

Tommy was upside down.

Tommy blinked slowly, and then realization hit him. Oh *shit*. He jerked, and it made the whole world sway. There was something in his mouth. A gag. Fuck, fuck, fuck, Tommy was tied up and hanging from the ceiling from a rope. Like a trussed up turkey. The more he jerked around, the more he slowly spun. Viewing more of the tiny little shack he was now held prisoner in.

There was a thick layer of smoke in the hovel. Making everything look like they had a thin veil of white covering it. Tommy's eyes watered as the world spun, literally, as he took in the view.

It was fucking horrifying.

There was a cage full of crows. It was too small for the four or five of them pressed in there. They constantly flapped and cawed, hitting each other. Their feathers askew and, one,

Tommy noted, was a mix of white and black. They all looked ragged and worn, huddling with each other as they croaked.

They were afraid. It didn't take Tommy long to see why. Underneath the cage were the bodies of about a dozen other crows. Their wings torn off their small corpses, hundreds of black feathers scattered on the ground. Dark blood mixing in with the debris.

There was a leaning bookshelf that looked like it was a hair's breadth of falling over. There were human skulls sitting on it. The bones gleamed bright in the flickering light of the embers.

Where- where the fuck was Tommy?

The room spun lazily around him and Tommy closed his eyes. The stench of blood and birds was overwhelming. His head throbbed, how long has he been upside down for? Fuck- where *was he*?

He tried to recall his last memories. But it was hard when all of the blood rushed through his ears and he could feel vertigo rising up like a tidal wave to hit him.

Tommy had been walking home? Yeah, he was... walking home after visiting Tubbo and Ranboo in Snowchester. It was dark outside but he knew he shouldn't have left so suddenly but-

Something... about Michael set him off. The kid was cute, for a seven year old piglin. Tommy had babysat him before, but something about him poked that raw, vulnerable, spot inside of Tommy and his knee jerk reaction these days was to run away.

And run away he did, in the middle of the night on the prime path. With no torch, only a wooden axe in his hand, and-

He had been hit by... *something*. Tommy could still feel the icy remains of a weakness potion splashed onto his back. He could never forget what the horrible potion feels like. Not after being hit with it so many times.

So who-?

The answer was quickly given to Tommy as the door opened, and a figure appeared.

"-nasty nasty birdies." A small crooning voice whispered, and Tommy watched as an ugly old woman waddled through the door. She was hunched over, her robes dragging on the ground, holding onto a gnarly cane. Her thick gray hair was matted and hung into her face. "-Birdies don't taste good. No no no they don't. Tried eating them boiled and fried. Still no good. No good."

Oh.

Tommy is in deep shit.

He got caught by a witch.

Then Tommy watched with horror as the witch peered up at him, her eyes yellowed and pupilless. They reminded him of Eret's eyes. "But the boy might taste good. Yes. Yes boy is good." She waddled up to him, ignoring Tommy's muffled grunts from behind the gag. She poked at his stomach harshly, her fingertip driving into his flesh and cutting. "Smelled young boy, I did. Yes. But he's too big. Too big for poor old Hetti. Hetti wanted younger meat to eat. Thought he was a child, I did. But he is almost too big. Wanted child but found ugly teenager."

Hey! That hurt. In more ways than one. Tommy grunted, and swayed back as the witch jabbed at him again. Tommy closed his eyes as the motion slowly put him into a spin again. He really didn't want to throw up. Especially while there was a gag in his mouth. The blood rushing to his head didn't help either.

"Oh I have good idea. Yes yes, very good. Hetti will still eat young meat tonight." The witch cackled to herself, and shuffled away.

She knocked in the bird cage with the cane and the crows shrieked their displeasure. Tommy wished they were at least a little bit quieter.

The witch hummed a nasty croaky tune, and it grated Tommy's ears even more than the crows' constant cries. There was a click of glass vials as she pawed through them, opening them up and smelling them. Tommy caught a whiff of one, and nearly vomited. Holy *fuck* was it revolting.

The witch dropped it into the cauldron. Tommy spied a few things, like rancid spider eyes and frog legs. But the rest were unidentifiable. Tommy was pretty sure the rotting hunk of meat, with hundreds of flies still clinging to it, was from a horse. But it could have literally been anything.

One by one, the items were dropped into the thick tar. Turning different shades of brown as the contents gurgled. The smoke curled up to the top of the shack, and had nowhere else to go. Making the air even more foggy with its choking fumes. The thick liquid hissing and rising up to the top of the pot, spilling over and threatening to snuff out the embers lighting the bottom. But it didn't, and the witch hummed a ghastly tune to herself.

There was a rustle of feathers and the crows screamed. Tommy helplessly watched as the witch stopped at the cage, staring at the birds with a predatory gaze. "Yes, yes." The witch muttered, with a crooked grin revealing only a handful of teeth still left in her maw. "Could be useful, Hetti has found a use for nasty birdies."

She unlatched the cage and reached in with crooked fingers. The birds huddled together, flapping their wings and trying to stay out of her grasp. The witch grabbed a black bird with a crooked beak, and began to pull it out when the bird with white feathers dove at her hand. Screeching and croaking, using its beak to tear at her flesh.

The witch hissed a curse, before snatching the white and black crow with her other hand. Her fingers crushing around the neck as she pulled that one out. Leaving the crow with a crooked beak to cower with the other birds, missing one of its flock.

The white crow croaked weakly in the witches grasp, and with a twist of her wrists, she snapped it's neck and threw it into the cauldron carelessly. The small body slowly sinks into the tar, disappearing from the world for the final time.

The casual cruelty was the final straw. Tommy began to hyperventilate behind the gag. Closing his watering eyes and opening them again. He let out a pathetic whimper.

Prime, how could he get out of this? He was tied up. The ropes around his legs and arms were knotted firmly, and Tommy couldn't even find the energy to pull against them. The lingering weakness potion leaving him helpless. This hag was going to *eat* him.

This was not the kind of death Tommy wanted. Big men go out in flames of glory. And after dying three times, and brought back for a fourth time from beyond the void, Tommy can say he wasn't looking forward to dying.

He had just gotten *comfortable* again. Sam and Puffy were helping him move past exile and the prison. Dream was locked up for good. Tubbo and Ranboo were happy building Snowchester. Michael had just called him *Uncle Tommy* the other day and-

Tommy didn't want to die again. He didn't want to face the void and Wilbur's endless madness again. The brief moment he had last time was enough to last a lifetime. But now-

Tommy didn't know how he could get out of this situation.

More than likely, the witch will slice his throat open and watch as Tommy is drained of his blood. His skull will join the others on the shelf over there. And nobody will ever really know what happened to the great Tommy Innit. All they will know is he just disappeared one night.

Prime, Tubbo is going to blame himself for this. Him and Ranboo would be so upset. Because Tommy had insisted on going home late.

There was a flap of wings. The sound was disguised by the dozens of other noises in the shack. The crows, although noisy before, practically went feral. Shrieking and screaming at the top of their lungs. And Tommy squeezed his eyes shut. The noise-

"Shuts up!" The witch howled back at the birds, waving the cane in the air. "I'm almost done, and you'll be next to eat, nasty birdies!"

The door, which wasn't more than a piece of wood leaning against the opening, crashed open. The witch let out a shriek of anger and surprise. Quicker than Tommy could see she threw a potion at the newcomer. It was batted aside by a sword, the liquid smashing against the wall and bubbling and spitting as it melted the wood. A man walked into the shadowy hut.

It took Tommy a second to place him. He wasn't wearing his shitty hat this time, so sue Tommy for how long it took him to recognize Philza fucking Minecraft. It was the large black wings on his back that gave him away. Long blonde hair fell past his shoulders, and his lips were twisted in an angry snarl. "You've been taking Chat," he hissed out, staring the witch down with cold rage.

“Hetti would never-” the witch pleaded, eyeing the glowing netherite sword in Phil’s hand. “Hetti would never do such a thing. Hetti is just poor old woman. Poor old woman trying to live in the swamp. Hetti would never, *ever*, take a Chatsies.”

The birds in the cage screamed and howled. For such small things, they created a racket. Tommy moaned from the sudden pain. His head *hurt*.

Phil’s eyes caught onto Tommy’s, and Tommy grunted out from behind the gag. There was a brief second, and Phil cocked his head and muttered, “Tommy Innit?”

Fuck *yeah*. Tommy wasn’t going to fucking die today. He was going to be *rescued*. That is, if Philza didn’t hate him and killed him on the spot. Technoblade certainly would. Technoblade made it awfully clear what he’d do to Tommy if they ever crossed paths again. And Tommy never wanted to know the full extent of Techno’s hatred for him.

Phil was an unknown variable. All Tommy knew was that he was Wilbur’s father and the first time he ever met the guy was when he killed Wil.

So yeah, maybe things weren’t looking too great. Phil did kill Wilbur. He probably would do the same to Tommy.

But still, it would be better than dying to a witch of all things.

In the brief moment of Phil’s distraction, the witch moved. She was surprisingly fast for an elderly woman who hobbled around on a cane. A round vial slipped from her robe sleeve, and she shattered it on the ground.

Phil stepped back quickly, and in his effort, he rammed his back into one of the supports next to the door. The already ramshackle hut was barely surviving, and the support was knocked loose. And the beam it rested on was the one that held Tommy up. The witch screeched, and the crows shrieked, and Tommy tumbled onto the ground with a low groan of pain. He landed hard on his shoulder. No doubt it was dislocated now.

Everything was horrible and loud and the chaos was everywhere. There was a horrible clang of metal on metal. And Tommy barely caught the sight of Phil stabbing the witch. The smoke made everything hazy. The witch screamed. The embers caught something on fire, the light flashing brightly as the stray bit of rope keeping the pot upright burned. And then Tommy watched, as if in slow motion, as the cauldron tipped backwards, directly onto him.

For the second time that day, everything went black.

“Tommy?” There was a distant voice. “Tommy? Are you okay? Tommy Innit?”

Tommy let out a weak moan. The sound high pitched and needy. There was a pause and a shuffle of movement. “Tommy? If you can hear me please say something.”

Everything was heavy. It pressed down on Tommy like a weight. And it was dark too. His body was... numb. Tingly. It was better than pain, but it was uncomfortable. Tommy let out

another groan as his answer. He couldn't feel his face. Or his hands. Or feet. Or anything really. It felt like a miracle that he was awake. He tried to move. But the heavy thing around him caught on his limbs, pulling them down.

The shuffling footsteps got closer. "Mate?" A crow cawed in the distance. And Tommy squirmed a tiny bit more. The birds weren't screaming anymore. Right- right Tommy had been in a witches hut. And she was going to eat him but then Philza Minecraft came in and-

Things were really fuzzy after that. Did Phil decide to kill Tommy yet or-?

The heavy thing around Tommy lifted up. And with the new source of light over Tommy, he could see it was fabric. It was white with a patch of red on the side. Was... that his shirt? Tommy blinked sluggishly, staring up into the *fucking giant face* above him.

Tommy sucked in a breath just as Phil above him said aghast, "a baby?" And then Tommy *screamed*.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

warning: suicidal jokes

It had taken Tommy an embarrassingly long time to figure out what happened. Everything was a blur of colors and sensations and all Tommy could do was cry. The shriek of a child rang in his ears and it took him a long moment to realize it was *him* who was making that noise.

It kind of set in when Tommy looked down at himself and saw little hands and they moved whenever he tried to move his own arms and-

He was a child. A literal infant. A baby. The one thing that Tommy was not. Because he was a big man and big men did not have little pudgy fists and wailed endlessly.

Phil picked him up gently, holding his head in the crook of his arm and bounced Tommy up and down, rocking him softly until Tommy tired himself. It didn't help that Phil was whispering, "what the fuck," over and over until the man came to a decision. He tucked Tommy up in a bundle of Tommy's own clothes to keep him warm and held him in the crook of his arms, leaving the shack.

The motion of Phil walking briskly away made Tommy fall asleep. He found that his energy didn't last long in this form. The crows trailed after Phil, occasionally cawing. The cacophonous noise the birds instantly silenced when Phil pointed at Tommy and shushed them. Which was good, Tommy really, really needed a nap.

When he woke up, Phil was still walking somewhere. The air was colder. And it finally set in what happened as Tommy tried to move. His arms were trapped and he barely had the strength to push against the remains of his shirt. "Oh, you're awake." Phil looked down with a soft smile, "are you feeling any better Tommy?"

"No." Tommy replied, but instead of actual words it came out as a babble. The words didn't sit well on his tongue and as hard as he tried Tommy couldn't form them. Instead he heard a baby make dumb noises instead of what he wanted to say.

He was the baby making dumb noises. It was Tommy. He was a *infant*.

It all got worse from there. Phil held Tommy in his robe, occasionally looking down with a weird ass smile that only got bigger as time went on. Tommy *tried* to tell Phil to put him down. But again, his stupid mouth didn't work. He couldn't speak.

They finally came to a place that Tommy recognized. And he squirmed and tried to move- do to anything- but-

Again, *Tommy is fucking baby.*

Phil casually walked up to Technoblade's cabin and let himself in. And Tommy froze with horror. He shouldn't *be here*. Technoblade will take one look at Tommy and crush his head with one hand.

After Doomsday, after Technoblade discarded Tommy like he was a dirty rag, the warrior made it clear that he'd *kill* Tommy if he ever saw him again. And Phil was just handing Tommy to Technoblade on a silver platter.

Still, this was a bit better than dying to a witch.

Maybe Technoblade wasn't in the house right now? And Phil was just stopping to grab something and then he could continue walking far, far, away from here.

Tommy's hopes were instantly crushed as he saw Technoblade standing in the kitchen. It made sense. It was Techno's own home. Tommy was going to die. *Again*. This day cannot *get worse*.

Technoblade held an apple up to his lips to take a bite when he saw Phil. And then his red eyes landed on Tommy, and the apple dropped from his hand. A flash of emotions, far too quickly for Tommy to read, flew over his face before Technoblade pinched the spot between his eyebrows in frustration.

"What," Technoblade said, curling his lip in disgust, "is that?"

Tommy stared back at him with a similar feeling. The second Technoblade saw Tommy, and Tommy looked at him, the unanimous agreement of mutual hatred came into effect. Tommy wasn't happy to be here either. The only person who seemed excited was Phil.

Maybe Phil could lie. Say that Tommy was just some random baby and-

"It's Tommy Innit!" Philza Minecraft, the evil fucker, bounced Tommy on his hip.

Well. That hope was quickly crushed. Tommy wondered how Technoblade was going to kill him. The piglin hybrid might just kick Tommy outside and let the cold and natural predators get at him. Yeah, that sounds fitting.

"No, Tommy is a feral raccoon that lives in the woods. He steals my shit and runs away before he can face the consequences of his actions. He's a liar and a thief. And he is not a... *thing*." Technoblade waved his hands at Tommy.

"A baby, you mean." Philza said, and he turned his head and cooed at Tommy, "doesn't he look so cute though, Techno? With his chubby cheeks and itty bitty nose?"

Tommy scowled harder. Staring up at Phil. "Technoblade, please kill me now. Finish the job," Tommy said. But it came out as nonsense. The words were nothing more than a baby

babbling back at Phil.

“Yes! Yes you are a cute lil man.” Phil softly hummed back.

Techno’s face drew back in disgust. “Well, Phil. I hope you have fun, but I am not going anywhere *near* that... thing.” He waved his hand in a broad gesture at Tommy. “Sorry, but kids and I don’t really mix.”

He... wasn’t going to end Tommy’s life?

Pog. Tommy has escaped yet another life threatening situation. He’s on a roll today.

Phil gave Techno an understanding look. He stood up, hefting Tommy to sit on his hip as he clapped a hand on Techno’s shoulder. He ignored the grimace both Tommy and Techno wore as they got closer to each other. “Techno, you’re my best friend. I know we might live in the same house with each other. But I don’t expect you to help at all. Tommy is my responsibility.”

“Okay,” Techno drew the word out, unsure. “Just so you’re aware that I’m not helpin’ and you can’t come cryin’ to me if Tommy drives you mad.”

Phil laughed, and bounced Tommy on his hip. He reached up and ruffled Tommy’s soft blonde hair, “I don’t think so. Tommy is going to be an easy baby, I’m sure of it. It’s when he starts to crawl that I’ll start to worry.”

“So wait what actually happened?” Techno glanced at Tommy and then away with a slightly pained look on his face. As if the sight of an eight month old child physically punched him in the gut.

Tommy could relate. *He* was the eight month old in this situation. And it physically and mentally hurt him to think about it.

“I found him tied up in a witch’s hut. And during the chaos of me killing the damned woman, a potion fell on him. Next thing I know, he’s like this.” Phil turned to look down at Tommy with an utterly besotted look in his eyes. “What a little boy. With his adorable little cheeks. And your whittle itty bitty nose.” His voice rose three octaves.

Oh no.

A baby voice.

“Please stop.” Tommy moaned and buried his face in Phil’s robe. “You know what, I preferred the threat to my life over this. Kill me. Just do it.”

“A potion?” Technoblade tilted his head to the side thoughtfully, “do you reckon milk might undo it?”

“Oh.” Phil blinked, his smile frozen on his face. “Right. Milk.”

“Not to burst your bubble, Philza.” Techno shrugged, “but if it’s a potion, we should try milk. Potions don’t tend to last very long. This is just temporary.”

“Right.” Phil’s face fell, and Tommy shouldn’t pity the man who held him hostage and against his will, but damn it the broken hearted look Phil had was painful to look at. “I guess we should fix Tommy.”

“I mean- you don’t *have to*.” Techno shrugged, “but it would be fuckin’ weird if tomorrow morning there was a sleepin’ teenager in a crib.”

“No, no.” Phil slowly dragged his feet into the kitchen. Looking like a kid who’s ice cream cone dropped on the ground. The picture of misery. “We should fix him. I should have thought of it first before getting my hopes up.”

Techno let out a sigh, “I’m sorry, Phil.”

“No. Don’t be.” Phil sat down on one of the stools and placed Tommy on his lap. “Would you grab the milk?”

Techno let out another sigh, “I didn’t mean to burst your bubble.” He crossed to the ice box and opened it, pulling out a bottle of milk.

“I know you didn’t.” Phil muttered, burying his face in Tommy’s hair sullenly. “I just... look at him Techno. Isn’t he just- adorable?”

“I am not!” Tommy spat. The two adults ignored his outburst.

“You can steal a villager’s child if you’re that baby hungry, Phil.”

“But they aren’t the *same*.” Phil groaned, “look at his chubby cheeks. Techno, look. And tell me he isn’t the cutest lil baby you’ve ever seen. Look.”

Tommy and Techno met. A pained look on each of their faces. Neither of them were happy. “He’s... somethin’.” Techno said with a grimace, after a pause. He poured the milk in a mug and held it out to Phil. “Now turn him back to normal.”

“Fine.” Phil sadly said, and took the mug. Tommy made grabby hands at the mug. That was all his motor control could do- open and close his fingers. He wanted to be a big man again and never talk about this horrifying and terrible experience this whole thing has been.

“This cup isn’t really ideal for feeding a child, mate.” Phil paused, the mug just a few inches out of Tommy’s grasp.

“We don’t have sippy cups.” Techno crossed his arms, “stop stalling.”

“Just give it to me!” Tommy demanded, kicking his legs out.

Phil sighed, the hot air blowing Tommy’s hair across his face. “Fine.”

The cup came into range and Tommy's hands clamped down on it. The milk was cold. Freezing against Tommy's lips. His mouth was all weird, figuring he lacked all of his teeth at the moment, and the liquid spilled down his face and dripped onto his lap. But it was enough. Tommy swallowed a mouthful or two before Phil pulled it back.

"Ohohoho!" Tommy chuckled under his breath, "just you wait! Just you wait! Once I am big again both of you will rue the day you called me cute! I'll rip your arms off! I'll take you both down! Nobody can stand against the great Tommy Innit!" He held out his pudgy baby hands and stared at them. "I can see it now! I'm getting bigger! Just watch!"

There was a pause. "Any second now!"

"Uh, is somethin' supposed to be happenin'?" Techno leaned his hip against the counter, a pinched look on his face.

"Shut up! Any second now!" Tommy snapped, staring holes into his small hands.

"I think?" Phil leaned over to peer down at Tommy. "I mean... is... is it not working?"

"No! I'm getting bigger!"

"Maybe he didn't swallow it?" Techno pointed at the milk that had stained the dirty shirt that Tommy still wore. "Try it again. Maybe he needs more."

"Yeah!" Tommy agreed, "I need more than a sip."

Phil took the mug and lifted up to Tommy's lips again. Once again, the cold liquid spilled down Tommy's face as he cupped at the mug with his tiny baby hands. Tommy swallowed it greedily, almost determined. He just needed a little bit more.

The mug was taken away, and Tommy stretched his arms out to stare at them again. "Come on!! Let me be big and strong again!"

There was a pause, "maybe you're doin' it wrong." Techno said, crossing the kitchen to pick the mug up. "It's gotta work."

"Mate," Phil blocked Technoblade's attempt to shove the mug into Tommy's face. "Listen, I think if it was going to do it, it would have worked by now."

"No!" Tommy reached for the mug again, but it was too far away. "Give me more! I *demand* more milk."

"Phil, maybe it just takes more time. You know?" Techno's voice had a slight edge of hysteria to it. "Don't get your hopes up."

"It's been a few minutes since he first drank it." Phil wrapped an arm around Tommy's middle, "milk will usually instantly erase potion effects within a second or two."

"Please-" Technoblade started, a despairing look on his face.

“No!” Tommy finished.

Phil let out a joyous laugh, jostling Tommy up and down. “*He’s a baby!*”

“No!” Both of them yelled. One in the actual language, the other a wordless shriek.

Phil stood up, shifting Tommy so his front was facing Phil. An arm wrapped around his back, and the other underneath Tommy’s legs. “Did you hear that, darling?” Phil beamed down at Tommy, practically sparkling with joy. Tommy could feel his soul fading away as Phil gently twirled them around. “I get to keep you! I’m so happy!”

“Phil don’t get your hopes up-”

“Shh, don’t listen to him, Tommy.” Phil whispered with a glint of amusement in his eyes, “Technoblade is being a sore loser.”

“I am not-”

“I wish to go back to the void now.” Tommy went limp, letting his head fall back and he stared up at the ceiling. “Please. End my suffering.”

Phil adjusted his grip, and he pulled Tommy to lean on his chest as he happily patted his back. “This is going to be amazing!

Something lurched in Tommy's gut suddenly. And he had no time to stop the sudden gurgle in his stomach. Tommy spat up the still cold milk onto Phil's shirt.

There was a heart stopping pause. And Tommy and Techno horrified faces matched.

Phil laughed and smiled, "whoops!! I forgot about spit up."

This was hell.

Chapter 3

Phil went up stairs and got changed into a new robe, and then he decided to give Tommy a bath. Finally ripping the last thing Tommy had from his adult life. The ratty white and red t-shirt which survived through Pogtopia, Exile, Doomsday, and so many other shitty events was just tossed into the trash despite Tommy's pleading wail.

That was his favorite shirt.

His *only* shirt.

The following minutes was Tommy trying his hardest to mentally check out of existence as Phil *bathed* him in a sink. It didn't help that Phil kept trying to entertain Tommy while it was happening. Pointing at the bubbles and holding up a wooden duck (where the fuck did he find that), and giving him that stupid *baby talk* voice.

Tommy turned his head away and refused to interact, which Phil took that as a sign that he needed a *nap* which was an unjust torture that Tommy didn't deserve. Admittedly his eyes were very heavy. And his eyelids pulled down on him. Lower and lower. Phil wrapped him up in a towel and took Tommy to his room. A new addition to Techno's humble cabin. Filled with various trinkets, but the object that took up most of the room was a giant bed with pillows and blankets decorating it. It looked... soft.

Things were rarely comfortable on the server. The second people found out about it, it would be raided and stolen. Tommy hadn't seen so many blankets or pillows in one room for so long. Those who crafted them quickly gave up after a while since they were always the first things to be stolen.

Although it did make sense that Philza was the one who had them all. He was a fierce warrior with a reputation, after all. Nobody would mess with him. Or Technoblade, who would surely have an issue with his home being raided too.

Phil boxed Tommy in with a couple of pillows after he laid him down, a soft sweet smile on his face. "Go to sleep, lil one." He booped Tommy on the nose, "I'll be here when you wake up."

Tommy scowled at him, but somehow the message didn't get across. Instead, Phil withdrew and closed the curtains across the windows. Making the room dark, and the war that Tommy was fighting against sleep was quickly over.

Tommy passed out, soft, clean, and warm. The three things that Tommy rarely ever got. He must've been more exhausted than he expected, because he slept deeply. Dreaming of nothing but inky darkness.

When he woke up, he found his fist in his mouth. Drool slipping down his chin. And completely alone. Tommy kicked his legs out, feeling them jerk wildly out of control. Okay. That was step one. Mastering his new limbs. Because his body felt like there were ropes tied

all to his limbs and suddenly, without Tommy's input, they would be jerked around and held down as he tried to use them. Like a puppeteer was trying to mess with him whenever he wanted to move.

The large shirt, one of Phil's, that Tommy wore tangled up around his legs as Tommy tried to exert some kind of control. Okay. Left leg. Kick! It jerked to the side. Alright, that wasn't like, the greatest control. But it was something. While Tommy had been intensely focusing, his fist somehow made it back into his mouth.

Oh come on. Tommy might be in a baby's body but he was still a big man! The greatest man ever. He shouldn't be sucking on his hand, like a real child would do. He pulled it out and with wide and jerky movements, he wiped it on the shirt. Hey! It worked. Sort of. It was as if an artist who only worked with fine detailed brushes were told to only use a paint roller. Tommy could still sort of move. But the actions were wild and without any of the fine control he had when he was a big man.

Tommy can move. Which is good. Because then Tommy can *escape*.

Where to? No idea. Tommy just wanted to get away from Phil. It was just... *so embarrassing*. Being treated like a baby. Tommy was a survivor and he can fucking live through wars and everything! He should be treated as such. Not like a child. He can't stay here. That's all Tommy knows. Phil will kill Tommy by his stupid baby voice. At least Techno is somehow better. He didn't treat Tommy like a toy.

Tommy experimentally rocked. He needed to like... walk or something. Hell, he would take crawling as a second best. Tommy squirmed and rocked again. Heck yeah! He was getting somewhere. And then Tommy was instantly foiled when he realized the pillows boxing him prevented him from actually rolling onto his stomach.

"No!" Tommy groaned, and he tried to face palm but his fist, somehow wet with saliva (did he fucking put it back into his mouth??) painfully bonked against his nose.

The baby brain, which Tommy didn't know he even *had*, took a second to gasp at the sudden pain. Shocked, and totally against his will, Tommy burst into fucking tears. It was like his emotions flipped instantly. He was fine. Totally fine. It was just a lil bit of pain. Nothing to sneeze at.

And yet, the baby brain took it like it was the end of the world. Tommy sucked in a breath and let out a loud wail. He couldn't stop it. It was like it completely took over. Erasing his mind of his thoughts. All he could do was just *cry*. It was like the greatest injustice was inflicted upon him. And Tommy couldn't even calm himself down- it was completely out of control. He shrieked.

The door opened, and Phil, hair in disarray, slid in the room in a panic. His dark wings poised in the air. Phil scanned the room, before settling on Tommy's whose legs and arms were wildly waving around. He relaxed, before swooping down onto Tommy. "Sorry Tommy," Phil crooned sweetly, "I wasn't here and it scared you huh?"

No fucking way.

Tommy let out another wail, sucking in quick breaths as he wept. He couldn't *stop crying*. "There there," Phil whispered, rocking Tommy back and forth. "It's okay. It's okay, mate. I'm here now. I promise, I won't leave you alone again."

That is the opposite of what Tommy wants!

The next cry was much louder, and Phil only hummed a soothing note under his breath as he rocked Tommy back and forth. The motion was actually very soothing. And to Tommy's astonishment, his wailing cries turned into soft little hiccups. "It's okay Tommy." Phil murmured, "I'm here now. I'll take care of you."

Please no.

The baby brain suddenly released Tommy's from its constrictive grasp as Tommy finally stopped crying. He blinked away the tears, staring up at Phil with gasping breath. "There you go Tommy." Phil smiled down at him, "you did so good."

Tommy tried to scowl but he didn't want to trigger his emotions again so instead he tried to stick his tongue out. It didn't work very well.

"Oh? Are you hungry?" Phil moved, sliding out of the giant bed and taking Tommy with him. "Let's see, I can mash up some food for you. I think you're old enough to eat real food, not just milk." Phil walked down the stairs, and holy shit there were a lot of things scattered around in the living room. There were dozens of cardboard boxes on the ground. A layer of dust still on them from where they had been pulled out of. A shulker box, beaten and worn, sat in the middle.

"Uhh, there isn't a good place to put you down yet." Phil bit his lip, glancing down at Tommy and then into the connecting kitchen. There was... not a lot of space anywhere. It had been clear that Phil had been digging through stuff. "Okay, let's just. Make a little space. Alright Tommy?"

With Tommy on his hip, Phil grabbed a blanket and pulled it flat on the ground. It was in the middle of the hallway, and Phil yanked a few pillows that sat on the couch from underneath a box before setting it on the ground. "I have to admit, I am not prepared at all." He muttered under his breath. "I had hoped I would have had a few more hours before you woke up, you lil tyke."

"Fuck you," Tommy muttered, the resulting words turning into an incomprehensible grunting sound.

"You are going to keep me on my toes," Phil laughed, and gently placed Tommy on the blanket. A pillow propping him up. "Just give me a few minutes to make you some food okay buddy? Don't move."

Tommy was *so* fucking going to move.

Phil stepped away, still facing Tommy as he backed away. He held out a hand, "don't move. Okay? I'll be back in a minute."

Tommy waited until he was finally out of sight before wiggling his limbs again. He had the slight advantage of being propped onto the pillow to help him get on his hands and knees. Tommy thought about walking, but he probably had zero chances with that. It was already difficult to keep himself from falling over with four limbs holding him up.

One hand inched forwards, and Tommy took his first big step. Not a literal step. But using all of the concentration Tommy had, he shifted his weight and started to move forwards. A little bit. Just a little bit more. Tommy caught himself trying to put his hand in his mouth again and firmly put it back on the ground.

There was a creak. And Tommy glanced up, eyes wide. Oh no! And standing on the step, looking just as alarmed as Tommy, was Techno. Staring down at him with a mixture of surprise and despair.

“Phil,” Techno called out, and the distant banging from the kitchen stopped.

“Yeah, mate?”

“Why is your spawn trying to crawl towards my swords?”

There was a pause, and then a clatter as something dropped, “he’s *what*.”

Tommy is doing what? Tommy glanced to where Techno was looking. He hadn’t even realized the direction he was trying to shuffle in was going towards what looked like a half dozen of swords leaning up against the wall. Tommy hadn’t even noticed it.

Phil popped his head around the corner, wide eyed. “Oh no.” And he was suddenly scooping Tommy up into his arms, frantically pulling his limbs up to inspect if they somehow got hurt. Tommy wiggled and whined in protest. No! His great escape! Foiled! “Techno, I know this is your living space as much as it is mine, but could you maybe not leave your weapons out in the open again?”

“I mean,” Techno shrugged, “I guess? But you’re the one who left him right next to them.”

“Yeah, that’s my bad.” Phil cooed over Tommy, and glanced around the room. “I- I’m sorry about the mess. Eventually I’ll get things set up.”

Techno nudged a box with one of his steel capped boots. “What is this stuff anyways?”

“Oh, just... some old stuff I had when I was raising Wilbur.” Phil looked suddenly sheepish. “I don’t know why I kept it. Mostly for sentimentality.”

“You keep everythin’ in your ender chest, Phil. I honestly have no idea how you can pack so much stuff away in there.” Techno shook his head. “You’re such a hoarder.”

“Just, give me a few days and I’ll sort it out, mate. I’ll have a playpen set up for Tommy. We don’t have to baby proof the rest of the house until he gets old enough to escape the pen.” Phil tactfully avoided Techno’s accusation.

“I mean. I can just craft up some fence posts for you.” Techno shrugged, and Phil gave him a baleful glare. “What, I’m just sayin’.”

“We are not putting him in an animal pen, Technoblade. He isn’t a horse or a cow.”

“He certainly acts like one.” Techno muttered under his breath. And Tommy spluttered in Phil’s arms.

“I will spit all over you!” Tommy threatened him spitefully, “I know I can at least do that.”

Phil reached out and shoved Techno’s shoulder, “you stop that. He’s just a baby, Techno. He can’t fight back.”

Techno met Tommy’s gaze, “are you sure about that? He looks like he’ll gut me.”

“He has an angry resting face.” Phil huffed, “some babies just look angry all the time.”

“I am angry.” Tommy growled.

“Well, actually. Could I ask for your help?” Phil looked at the boxes.

“Please no,” Tommy moaned.

“Phil-” Techno held his hands up and took a step back.

“I’m not going to make you hold him,” Phil rolled his eyes, “I was wondering if you could set up the high chair for me.”

Techno and Tommy breathed a sigh of relief.

“Sure, I can do that. Which box is it in?” Techno poked at another one.

Phil nodded at one in the corner, “it’s in that one. It’s so funny, the fierce and mighty Technoblade. Scared to hold a child.”

“I’m not scared,” Technoblade huffed as he picked his way over to the box. “I don’t want to hold onto a walking poop bomb. Plus. It’s Tommy. He bites.”

“But he’s such a sweetheart.” Phil cooed, and ran his fingers through Tommy’s hair. “I mean, look at him! He wouldn’t hurt a fly.”

Techno and Tommy glanced at each other. Sparks flew from the animosity. “Right,” Techno scoffed, and he pulled out a piece of wood. It had holes and it was shaped oddly. “Well, I’m goin’ to put this together. Because you disassembled it for some odd reason.”

“My inventory management skills are superior,” Phil sniffed, “there is a reason why I can fit everything in my ender chest.”

“Riiight,” Techno drawled and then arched an eyebrow at Phil, “aren’t you supposed to be cooking?”

Phil whirled around and Tommy's world spun, "oh shit-!"

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Special thanks for Vil for becoming my jester. I vow to never update when you expect it again.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Here comes the train,” Phil sang, holding a spoon with a bright orange glob of *something* on it. Tommy sat in the newly constructed high chair, leaning as far away from it as possible. “Come on Tommy, it's yummy pumpkin! Don't you want some?” He inched the spoon closer.

Tommy glanced over at Techno who was eating a slice of bread in the corner. *Help me*. The look was ignored. Techno snorted, and turned his head away.

“Traitor,” Tommy mumbled, “you sick bastar-” The spoon slipped into his mouth. Tommy almost choked on it. The pumpkin puree was sweet, and a little bit salty. But it wasn't *horrible*. For baby food. Half of it dripped down Tommy's face and landed on the handkerchief that was wrapped around his neck.

“There you go!” Phil hummed happily, and the metal spoon gently dragged across Tommy's skin as he scooped up the mush that had escaped Tommy's mouth. Tommy leaned back and batted at it. “Come on, Toms! Here comes another elytra! Can you say it with me this time? Woosh woosh!”

“This is making me sick,” Techno muttered, and Tommy shot him an angry look. It was making Tommy feel ill and he's the one suffering here! How are he-?

Tommy opened his mouth to say something when once more, the soft puree was scooped into his mouth. Tommy spat most of it out. Just to spite Phil. Who only laughed, and grabbed another spoonful from the bowl in his hand. “You're a messy eater,” Phil grinned, “Wilbur was too.”

Tommy was outraged. Livid! What kind of living conditions is this?? The torture! The audacity! Tommy is a big man not a *baby*. Phil chuckled, “you have such a pouty face.”

It's because Tommy is *angry*!

Tommy swore. The foulest language known to sailors and mankind. Instead, all that came out was, “bah bah dah fah! Ahba! Aba faap!” Before Phil shoved the spoon gently into his mouth and yet another mouthful of mush was administered. Tommy angrily swallowed before opening his mouth and letting Phil know *exactly* what he thought of him.

“-and don’t even get me started on the lack of wives you have, Philza Minecraft,” Tommy ranted at him, working himself up. “None. You have none! No woman would ever like you,” another mouthful. He swallowed, “you’re a sad and lonely man who steals babies! I should have known,” more puree, which Tommy was getting annoyed with and he batted at the spoon to get it away from him. When his mouth was empty he continued, “that you were a wrong’un. You old man. Ohh, that’s right. You’re old. Old as fuck, aren’t you, you ugly bitch.”

“He’s a chatty one.” Techno eyed Tommy with disgust, a now familiar sight. Tommy couldn’t blame him, he could feel the puree all over his face. Tommy was more focused on insulting Phil than eating. So it dripped down his cheeks and chin. The spoon came up to scoop some of the excess, and Tommy batted at it again. His hand missed. Damn it.

“Yes, yes he is.” Phil looked delighted, hunched over to feed Tommy another spoonful of the mush. “Isn’t he delightful? We need something innocent in this house.”

“I wouldn’t call him innocent.”

Tommy let out a high pitched shriek as the spoon came closer, and Phil expertly maneuvered it into his open mouth.

“-I’ll kill you both! I’ll do it! I’ll dig your eyes out with that spoon!” Tommy screeched, and then coughed as a bit of the food caught in his throat. Phil reached up and patted him on the back, and Tommy glared at him. “I hate you.”

Phil only smiled, “maybe it’s time for a nap if you’re getting too riled up, Tommy.” Wait what? It’s only been like, an hour since Tommy woke up! It wasn’t nap time!

“Well, this has been entertainin’ and all, but I should go.” Techno coughed into his fist, shifting around uneasily. “I gotta go feed the wolves.”

“You do that, mate.” Phil laughed, giving Techno a knowing look. “Don’t stay out too long, it’s freezing outside.”

“Oh you know, there are so many chores that need to be done.” Techno edged out of the room, and quickly disappeared. A slam of the door followed him, and Phil shook his head staring down at Tommy.

“You would think he wouldn’t be scared of you,” Phil teased lightly, “he might be a big strong man but he’s secretly a softy. You’ll win him over, eventually.” He winked conspiringly at Tommy.

Tommy grumbled, “doubt it.”

“Oh, well.” Phil grabbed a cloth and threw it over his shoulder. He hooked his hands underneath Tommy’s armpits and held him against his chest, pressing Tommy’s face against the cloth over his shoulder. Gently patting on Tommy’s lower back in a rhythmic manner. “Come on, Tommy. Time for you to burp!”

With sinking dread, Tommy realized why Techno ran from the room.

Tommy wanted to wail as Phil held up a onesie.

He had, surprisingly, fallen asleep after spitting up once more on Phil. Much to Tommy's dismay, it felt like his body only had a little bit of energy and it demanded that he sleep often. How could he escape when he felt like he needed to sleep every two hours? Phil wasn't helpful either, humming a song under his breath as he swayed around, the motion so calming Tommy conked out.

Phil put Tommy in a pile of pillows in the corner and apparently got very busy while Tommy was out cold. The living room was completely changed. Most of the boxes disappeared, and in their place were a couple new objects.

Torture tools.

Phil moved one of the couches to the side and in its place was a horrible fence-like structure. The bottom was soft and made up of cushions, but it was a prison nonetheless. Tommy would know, he fucking died in one.

Of course, that wasn't the end of it. There was a pile of other *things*. Tommy recognised a few. Binkies, sippy cups, little plastic cutlery, a *teething ring*. And worst of all. There was a pile of *diapers*.

For the first time in a long time, Tommy started praying. XD, Prime, Drista- *anybody*. To get him out of here. *Please*. He'll do anything. He'll stop griefing people's homes and stealing things. Just- please.

The gods did not listen to him.

Phil was still humming that song under his breath as he sat next to a box, pulling out bundles of bright cloth. He held one open, and they were *onesies*. Baby clothes. For a baby. Which Tommy is not!

"Do you think it'll fit?" Phil muttered to himself, and glanced over at Tommy, meeting his eyes. "Oh, hello! You're awake. Good evening!"

Tommy wiggled his arms. His whole hand clamped in a fist which he waved it to Phil. Take that! Old man.

Okay, so maybe Tommy was trying to flip him off but his middle finger didn't go up. Still, it was a rude gesture, and Tommy will make him rue the day he thought he could dress Tommy up in those shitty clothes.

Tommy would protest until the day he died. He will not wear a single one. He won't stop screaming until it is off! "I will spit on you," Tommy promises Phil darkly, as the man holds up a onesie with a little bee on the front. He came closer to Tommy. "Don't you dare-"

“Hey there Tommy,” Phil picked Tommy up with a pleased look in his eyes, “why don’t we try on some new clothes for you bud? I bet my old shirt is uncomfortable.”

Tommy did what he promised. It was surprisingly easy. He had tons of drool. It was the first attack that Tommy tried that actually worked. Mentally Tommy made a note, that although his shitty baby body couldn’t do anything- spitting did do the job.

Phil looked down at the damp spot on his shirt, and he glanced at Tommy’s face, “you’re a gross lil baby, aren’t you!” He spoke cheerily. “Yes, yes you are! The stinkiest little poop monster.” His voice was happy, but the words caused more damage than anything Tommy could do.

No. His ego. His big man pride! Tommy wanted to *die*.

“Let’s go get you clean again, huh Tommy?” Phil was moving, taking Tommy whose soul was leaving his body. “I think you need another bath.”

“Please-” Tommy whimpered, “I just wanna go home. Please.”

“Don’t worry!” Phil laughed, “we got Mr. Duckie here for you too! Bath time is a lot of fun.”

“Drista, please-” Tommy begged, “please I’ll do anything.”

There was still no answer from the gods.

Tommy sat on his hands and knees. Staring down at the fluffy mat that was underneath him. His face was blank. His thoughts are empty. Except for the embarrassment and horror that still lingered like a bad taste.

A flash of a memory appeared. Phil holding up a diaper. And Tommy quickly shoved it back down into the recesses of his mind. He wasn’t going to think about it. He wasn’t going to *acknowledge* it. The onesie was soft around his legs and arms. A bright yellow color, made of fleece.

Phil bustled around in the background. Still moving the boxes around. Putting a few back into his shulker, where he found the blasted things.

Tommy didn’t blink. And he shoved down another wave of mortification. Swallowing it heavily.

How is he supposed to run like this? He is helpless. A literal prime-cursed *baby*. He can barely *crawl*. Barely able to scoot an inch forwards before feeling terribly tired. His legs and arms didn’t work. He was basically *broken*.

The only good thing from this is that it could have been worse. He could have actually *died* by getting eaten by a witch. Or Dream could have taken him.

The great news is that Dream is currently in jail for being a dick. And Tommy did *not* get eaten by a witch. But those two things were already pretty low on Tommy’s standards.

A door opened, and a gust of cold wind hit Tommy. He shivered, and curled up in a ball. "I'm back," Techno said, closing the door behind him as he took off his ice covered cape. His boots were caked in snow, and he stomped a couple of times to get it off.

"Welcome back." Phil greeted him, hands deep in the shulker. "How were the animals?"

"Good." Techno grunted, hanging up his cape. There was a slight pause, "how were you... two?"

"Great! I got mostly everything set up. I just have to take the crib up to my room, and I'll call it done for tonight." Phil clapped his hands together, "Tommy missed you."

"I did not." Tommy mumbled, still too shell shocked to really protest.

"I would be surprised if he really did." Techno snorted.

"No, for real." Phil said, "he was looking around for you. I caught him staring at the door a few times."

It was because Tommy wanted to *leave this hell hole*. Not- not waiting for Techno. Phil is such a liar. Techno's pause spoke volumes.

"Right."

"I'm serious." Phil stood up and stretched, his wings spreading out behind his back. Taking over the full room. His left wing was scarred and feathers were missing, while the right one was luxurious and full. Tommy had heard, though rumors, about what happened with Phil's wings. But he had never seen the destruction himself.

Everybody lost something during L'Manburgs first fall, it seems.

"Actually, now that you're here. Could you do me a favor?" Phil asked and Tommy squinted at him nervously.

"Depends," Techno said, guarded. "What is the favor?"

"Can you just keep an eye on Tommy. Just for a couple of minutes." Phil quickly spoke, "you don't have to hold him or anything. He's in his pen. Just make sure he doesn't, I don't know, suffocate himself or something. Just check up on him every couple of minutes."

"You said I wouldn't have to help."

"Technoblade, I know that after you complete the chores you sit next to the fire to warm up and read a book." Phil put his hands on his hips, "I'm just asking you to glance at him every so often. I need to build the crib."

Technoblade let out a long, torturous sigh. Tommy followed suit. "Fine." Techno dragged a hand over his face. "*Fine*. Go. I'll yell if he starts dyin' on me."

“That’s all I ask for.” Phil said, pleased. He turned and met Tommy’s gaze from between the bars in Tommy’s cell. “Be a good boy, Tommy. Techno will be in here. Okay? You’re not alone.”

“End my suffering.” Tommy shot back.

Phil didn’t say anything else, he just grabbed a box next to the stairs and left. Leaving Tommy to eye up Techno, who did the same thing. Finally the hybrid let out a pained sigh, reaching up to pull a long rope braid from behind his back to the front. “Leavin’ me in charge of the kid.” Techno mumbled to himself, as he untied the ribbon on the end and began to pull his hair from it’s braid. The pink strands were wavy, and soon Techno’s hair was down. “He’s goin’ senile.”

Tommy silently agreed, finally easing himself to lay on the playpen floor. His arms hurt from holding himself up for so long. He peered out from between the wood slats, staring up at Techno.

Even when Tommy had lived here, for a brief time, Techno never looked so relaxed. Hell, even have his hair down. He always kept it up. Tommy hadn’t seen so much pink before. Techno’s braid was his signature hairstyle. Techno’s hair was two shades darker than Niki’s, who kept her hair in a bob. His hair was so *long* too.

It looked really soft.

Techno didn’t look at Tommy again. Instead he untied his bootlaces and left them by the door before ducking into the kitchen. For a moment, Tommy thought he was just chickening out. But Techno returned with a glass of water in hand, which he placed next to a well worn patchworked chair. It was big, even when Tommy was a teenager he could sit in the chair and sprawl out. But it looked like the perfect size for Techno as he sat down in it. The springs creaked slightly.

Tommy watched, almost enraptured as Techno pulled out a pair of glasses. They looked comically tiny on his face. The rims shining gold in the firelight, as he pulled out a battered novel and began to read it.

Finally, Techno glanced back over at Tommy. Then back to his novel. He scoffed quietly, it barely audible above the crackling of the fire. There was a few minutes of peaceful quietness, and finally Techno glanced over and held Tommy’s gaze. “You didn’t really look for me, did you?”

Tommy didn’t respond. And Techno’s eyebrows creased, “listen, kid. Phil’s been goin’ through a hard time. After Wilbur, it’s been bad. Phil hasn’t left the house much since coming here. I haven’t seen him this excited since we got to this server. You’re his problem. Don’t go lookin’ for things from me.” And he held the book back up, obscuring his face. He turned a page.

Somehow Tommy’s hand found it’s way back in his mouth again. But he didn’t pull it out, instead he just peered up at Techno. It was strange, but the sight of him being so... casual

was strange and captivating. Tommy had only seen the warrior. The Blade. But this was a whole other side of Technoblade that Tommy had never known existed.

Techno pulled the book down again, a thoughtful expression on his face as he bit his lip. “You... really didn’t look for me, right kid?” And then annoyance flashed over his face. “Why are you talking to a baby, Technoblade. It’s not like he can understand you.” He muttered, pulling the book back up again before it slowly fell down again. A conflicted look on his face.

“I hope you didn’t.” Techno said, “Phil is takin’ care of you. I’m not meant for... *this*.” He waved his hand around at the baby items littering the room. “Children hate me. You’ll only find yourself disappointed if you keep lookin’ for me, kid. Got it?” And he pulled the book up one last time, and resolutely ignored Tommy.

Tommy didn’t know who Techno was trying to speak to. Tommy, or himself. The warmth of the fire, and the lack of shuffling boxes lulled Tommy into sleep. His eyes fell shut and he couldn’t muster the energy to open them again. The only thing that broke the silence was a page turning and a soft mumble of words.

He didn’t feel a blanket being lightly tossed over him.

Chapter End Notes

This ends the daily updates. We are going back to our normal schedule- Mondays or Fridays. I hope youve enjoyed the beginning so far!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A couple days passed. It felt like a few days, anyways. Tommy wasn't certain. Sleeping so often really screwed up his inner time clock. Sometimes he would see daylight in the windows, and other times it was dark.

Things settled into a routine. Tommy would wake up, yell and bitch about how unfair life was, Phil would feed him and change his clothes after giving him a bath. Tommy has blocked all memories from being in the bathroom. Then Phil would put him on a blanket in the living room and watch as Tommy rocked back and forth pathetically. There were even a few toys which Tommy grabbed at. A stick that would rattle and a few blocks with letters on them. There were only five, and Tommy couldn't even spell the word help because the fucking 'E' and 'L' was missing. All he could do was throw H A P together and Phil would sometimes come over and try and build a tower with the blocks to watch excitedly as Tommy would knock it over.

The man clearly didn't get out enough. If he thought a baby knocking some wooden blocks over was exciting, Tommy wondered if he ever saw grass grow. Or paint dry.

The worst part about being a child is that Tommy couldn't control his emotions. The second he would feel uncomfortable or sad, he would start crying. He would be utterly mentally lost. He couldn't control when he started up, nor when he stopped. It was like a reflex that looped itself in an endless cycle. Tommy was crying- did he feel better? No. Cry more. Did that make him feel better? No, okay keep crying.

While awake, Tommy could keep a pretty good handle on his emotions. Any sudden dip threatened to push him into another wailing spree. Which was downright embarrassing. Tommy only came to himself after Phil had calmed him down, and it was horrible.

But when he fell asleep, Tommy's PTSD would hit. That's what Puffy told Tommy during one of the infrequent sessions he had. He was traumatized and shit. Well, that's what two wars and watching your pseudo-brother die in front of you did.

Even the nightmares were becoming routine. Tommy would suddenly realize he was in Phil's arms, his face wet with tears and his throat sore. He didn't know when he woke up, his head too fucked up for him to actually wake up when his nightmares scared him too much. Phil seemed grateful when Tommy managed to come back to himself, slumping in a rocking chair and holding Tommy close.

Tommy got to take naps. Phil did not.

A week passed. Maybe even two. Tommy didn't know, every day felt incredibly short yet insufferably long. The only thing time did was let him get slightly better with his motor skills. Tommy could actually tell his arm to go right, and it *did*. That's how pathetic it was.

Every day, Tommy would try and crawl. He would get on his hands and knees, and sometimes, with a lot of effort, he could inch forwards to the edge of the blanket. Once, he even touched the edge of it. Before Phil swooped in like the bird he was and put him back in the middle.

The escape plan was not going very well.

It was like the odds were stacked against Tommy. If he cried he couldn't stop until Phil was holding him. He didn't have enough energy to get anywhere. Plus, Phil and Technoblade both lived in the *fucking tundra*. Even if Tommy *did* go outside, he'd die immediately.

Still, Tommy wasn't one to give up easily! The escape plan just had to extend a bit longer. Maybe in a couple of months- perhaps even a year. And then Tommy will get away! For now, he just had to figure out how to use this useless body of his and soon Phil and Technoblade will be left in the dust! Ha ha! It'll be easy.

But Tommy was very impatient. And he didn't *want* to wait. He wanted to *go*.

Well, Tommy has, at the very least, figured out a new form of entertainment. It's called psychological torture. Because Tommy hates these fools, and wants revenge.

"Bitch boy!" Tommy held the stick, the beads inside of it rattling around. He sat inside the pen in the living room. "Come here, I say. I demand your presence." His voice hit a grating pitch, and there was the sound of footsteps. Phil poked his head around the corner from the kitchen.

"Hi Tommy! I'm still here." He smiled, a little less bright than at the beginning. It was probably due to the dark circles around his eyes.

Tommy waved his arms at Phil and let out another shriek. It was a trick Tommy figured out a few days in. Phil couldn't resist picking Tommy up whenever Tommy gave him grabby hands. And sure enough, Phil let out a tired sigh and crossed the room to pick Tommy up.

"You sure love being held, don't you Tommy," Phil cooed, and Tommy reached up and grabbed at his hair. Trying to pull on it. Phil pulled it out of his grasp before Tommy could properly yank it though.

"Let me hurt you," Tommy demanded, and his arms smacked up against Phil's face. Tommy was aiming to get at Phil's goatee next, but Phil leaned back and grabbed Tommy's hands in one palm.

"Come on, buddy. Let's go eat dinner." Phil moved to the dining room, setting Tommy down on the high chair. Tommy smacked his palms down on the wood, trying to cause as much chaos as he could. Trying to jump and wiggle around. This blasted seat didn't give him much room.

"Oh, is somebody excited for some applesauce? Yes! Yes you are!" Phil was giving him that shitty baby voice, and Tommy shrieked in protest. Phil laughed, turning away to go to the kitchen. "If you're excited for applesauce, I can't wait to see what you do for sweet berries."

Tommy wasn't excited. He just wanted to *move* already, damn it. Phil misinterpreted a lot of Tommy's actions, and so Tommy decided to be a big man and ignore a lot of what Phil said. Otherwise he wouldn't have much of a pride left. Tommy's ego couldn't take the constant hits.

Techno walked in half way through dinner. Applesauce dripped down Tommy's cheeks, and he froze at the sight. His red eyes wide as he stared at the two.

Tommy couldn't blame him. Ever since Phil asked him to watch Tommy, Technoblade practically became a ghost. Tommy swallowed a mouthful of mush and idly wondered if they were eating late tonight. Phil had seemed a bit out of it today. But no matter, Tommy will still torment them!

"Techno! Hello, mate." Phil sat up from hunching over, a smile on his face. He set the bowl down on the table, but in his distraction he placed the small spoon on Tommy's high chair.

Tommy's eyes zeroed on the wooden spoon. It was made for a baby. Small and sanded down so there weren't any hard edges. Phil's back was turned, and Techno grunted out, "hi."

"How are you? It's been a minute since I've seen you." Oof, Tommy wondered if Techno had just been avoiding him. But it looks like Phil had been included. No wonder Phil was going mad. He only had Tommy to talk to.

Tommy tuned the conversation the two were having out, instead focusing intently on the spoon in front of him. It was his first weapon. A physical one, at least. Phil was getting sloppy, and it was only working in Tommy's favor.

'*Okay,* ' Tommy thought to himself, '*don't fuck this up, arms.*' His baby arms flopped down on the wood, smacking his palms against the smooth wooden surface. Tommy glanced up, but neither of the two adults noticed. Good. He needed to grab it now. Which would be the hardest thing to do.

His palm slid closer, missing by a mile. Shit. '*Get... closer. Carefully.*' His brows pinched together as Tommy slowly inched his wayward hand closer to the spoon. His fingers nudged the spoon, and Tommy was afraid it would slide out of his reach. But with an impressive amount of control, Tommy carefully wrapped his fingers around the wood and brought the spoon up in front of Tommy's sparkling excited eyes.

Messing around with the rattling stick has paid off. Tommy could fuckin' *pick things up now*. Hell yeah.

If Tommy had teeth he would be biting his lips. He locked his gaze with Enemy Number One. Phil still had his back turned to Tommy, and Techno was avoiding looking at him again. Good! They won't see the attack!

Pulling his arm back, Tommy chucked the spoon as hard as he could.

It clattered on the ground loudly. And Phil and Techno whirled around to look at Tommy with wide, frantic eyes. Yes! They were afraid for their lives!

Tommy burst into laughter. The sound was so strange in his ears, but he couldn't stop it. He cackled. A child's laugh- no, a baby's- rang in the air. High pitched and carefree.

"Techno," Phil looked almost faint, he reached out and grabbed onto Techno's sleeve.

"Techno, that's his first laugh. That's-"

"Yep." Techno didn't look as shell shocked as Phil, but something was creeping onto his face. He coughed, the strange expression wiped away. "Yep, that's Tommy alright. The gremlin throws a spoon on the ground and laughs about makin' a mess."

"Shhh!" Phil batted at Techno, "just appreciate it!"

"He got applesauce on my carpet."

"Shut up."

Tommy was laying on his back. His fucking useless arms waving around in the air. He was trying to tell them what to do, but they didn't listen. He stared up at the ceiling in the living room, giving it his fiercest glare he could muster. Which was, to say, the scariest shit anybody should ever see in their life. If it wasn't on the face of a *baby*. It looked significantly less terrifying.

Technoblade sat in his chair, a page occasionally being flipped as he read the small book in his hands. Tommy caught Techno glancing at him a few times, while Phil was in the kitchen.

If it wasn't for the fact that Tommy was trapped in a body of an infant, he would say this was a domestic scene. The fire was crackling merrily in the hearth. The air was filled with the smell of a roast, which Phil was baking. The chores had been completed for the day, leaving the adults free to do whatever they wanted.

But Tommy *is* trapped in a body of a infant. And he would say this was a cruel and unusual hell. What did he do to deserve this? Nothing. Tommy was an angel. A bonafide good samaritan.

"I hate you all." He said miserably.

"Hey Tommy," Techno said suddenly, and Tommy turned to stare at him. "Can you understand me?"

Ah.

Oh no. Tommy's mind suddenly hit overdrive as he stared at Technoblade. Should Tommy try to inform him? Technoblade was smart. He'd figure it out if Tommy acted in a certain way. But again- *should* Tommy tell him?

The piglin hybrid *hated* Tommy. If he knew that Tommy was actually *aware* in his infant body, what would Techno do? A dozen ideas and vivid scenes flashed through Tommy's

head. Techno tossing Tommy to the wolf army, watching coldly as they tore him to pieces. Dumping Tommy into the snow and leaving Tommy to fend for himself in his pathetic body. Using his sword and ending Tommy's life- all of them *could* happen. Tommy didn't doubt it for a second. Techno would use this opportunity to lord over Tommy in his final moments.

A terrible realization hit Tommy. His only saving grace was that Phil and Techno thought he was a *real* baby. If Technoblade knew than Tommy would be deader than dead. And this time there wasn't a revive book. It was just Tommy facing his final death all over again.

Okay okay, now that Tommy had figured this out- he had to pretend to be a fucking baby. He had to fool Technoblade. The man was too smart for his own good. He could always pick apart Tommy's lies and find the truth in minutes. Even Wilbur couldn't fool Techno when they were in Pogtopia.

Tommy's pride was going to suffer, he just knew it.

Tommy stuck his hand in his mouth. Keeping his eyes wide and staring at Technoblade with a empty gaze. He was not a sixteen year old big man. Can't Technoblade see that Tommy is just a baby?

Techno's gaze was hard and unyielding. And Tommy could feel himself break into a sweat the longer Technoblade's eyes stayed on him. Tommy kicked his legs out slightly, but Techno's gaze only narrowed at the action.

Prime help him this was going to hurt.

"Ahaabana," Tommy said, very, very intentionally making baby noises now. "Maanahaba?" He was in it this far, he might as well make it believable. Tommy pulled his wet, drooly hand out of his mouth, letting even more saliva escape his lips, and he held up his hands to Technoblade.

The *pain*. The absolutely *agony*! If Drista was watching, she'd be cackling her head off. Tommy wanted nothing more to die of shame right now. A blush began to form on his cheeks. This hurt. This hurt *so bad*.

If Tommy had teeth he'd grit them. Instead he babbled in that stupid baby language, waving his palms up at Technoblade to pick him up.

Technoblade sucked in a breath. Tommy expected him to recoil like he had just touched lava. The man clearly hated being in the same room as Tommy. He'd flee every time Phil picked Tommy up to burp him. If Tommy was just *gross* enough, Technoblade would surely run with his tail between his legs.

Instead, Technoblade looked conflicted. Just for a moment. A brief hesitation. Where Techno hand's twitched down towards Tommy. And Tommy was too surprised to recoil away. Thank Prime, Techno didn't actually pick Tommy up.

Technoblade snorted, making a low chuffing noise, before slowly raising the book back up, flipping to the last page that he read. "Just a baby, Technoblade." He said to himself,

adjusting the glasses perched on his nose. “He’s just a baby.”

Tommy breathed out a giant sigh of relief. Somehow the hand made it’s way back into his mouth. And Tommy didn’t even have the energy to pull it out. It was mildly comforting to keep it in there. And he needed all of the reassurance he could get.

His eyes fluttered as Tommy was hit with a sudden bout of exhaustion. He didn’t want to sleep. Tommy had just woken up a few hours ago. But his body demanded it of him. Tommy was slowly succumbing to his next nap.

Between one heavy blink and the next, Tommy caught sight of Technoblade lowering the book. A conflicted, troubled, and horribly familiar look on his face. Tommy had seen the same glint in Phil’s eyes.

Tommy fell asleep just as he registered that Technoblade was looking down at him with barely concealed *awe*.

Chapter End Notes

I'm still on my break from posting but I thought I could share a quick chapter! I did not edit this in the slightest.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I did not do anything more than just a brief skim of this chapter for editing, so if there is anything wrong I don't care. It's in the internet. And I don't have the energy to go in and fix it.

The dark tag is finally showing up for some ✨spice ✨ it's just a little itty bitty hint of it.

TW: panic attack

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Put your things in the hole.” Dream loomed over Tommy, the axe of peace in his hand. The netherite was so bright it was as if it was burning.

Tommy stood at the edge of the L’Manburg pit, staring out at the massive yawning hole in the ground. Wind whipped his hair back. Stealing his breath as well. “Wait- Dream.” Tommy held his hands up in surrender. “Listen, this has been a mistake. Right buddy?”

“Don’t make me repeat myself,” Dream swiped the axe across the air, leaving a trail of purple light behind it. He took a step closer. And Tommy stepped back, closer to the pit. Fear constricting his ribs, leaving him struggling to breathe.

“I don’t- I don’t have anything!” Tommy shouted over the wind.

“Don’t lie to me, Tommy.” Dream took another step. “Check your inventory. I know you have items on you.” Purple dripped from Dream’s gloved hands. The tears that leaked out of crying obsidian. “Put your items in the hole, or I’ll kill you.”

“I don’t-” Tommy was breathing hard, and with a shaking hand he checked his inventory. There were a few things in there, a few planks and a sapling along with Tubbo’s compass. The needle inside of it was missing, but Tommy still grabbed it and tossed in behind him. Anything to appease Dream. “I’m sorry, I didn’t know- I didn’t know-”

“You always have to push me,” Dream tilted his mask, the smiley face looked so fucking *angry* that Tommy wanted to curl into a little ball and hyperventilate. “Why don’t you ever learn, Tommy?”

“I’m sorry Dream. I’m so sorry-” Tommy’s voice was hoarse, cracking every other sentence. “I’ll do better, I promise.”

Dream paused, and for one terrible moment, Tommy thought he was going to die. But with a sigh, Dream lowered the axe. “Tommy, Tommy, Tommy.” Dream shook his head, “I know. It’s okay. You’re still learning. Sometimes we all make mistakes.”

The words felt like the world was lifting off of Tommy’s shoulders. With a wave of relief, Tommy slumped forwards, “thank you, Dream. Thank you. Thank you.” Tommy took a step forwards- and the axe tapped at his chest.

“Not so fast, Tommy.” Dream tilted his head again, “you’re missing something. Put it in the pit.”

“I-” Tommy checked his inventory. He wasn’t wearing armor or anything. It was empty. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Tommy, don’t act stupid.” Dream chuckled, “you know exactly what I’m talking about. Don’t make me regret forgiving you.”

“I don’t- I’m sorry.” Tommy’s legs shook, and the axe got closer. Staining Tommy’s shirt with *purple*. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“See, it’s shit like this,” Tommy yelped as Dream swiped at him with the axe, “that you don’t deserve my pity, Tommy. You *know* what I’m talking about. Put it in the hole.”

“I don’t-!” Tommy shrieked in panic, “I don’t know I’m sorry!”

“Your *heart*, Tommy.” Dream demanded, taking another step. Tommy’s feet slid back but found nothing but the edge of a cliff. “Put your fucking heart in the hole.”

“What?”

“Do it now, or else I’ll toss you in there myself.” Dream pressed the axe further, and it began to slowly penetrate into Tommy’s chest. Slicing into the flesh like a hot knife through butter. “Here, I’ll help you get it. Hold *still*.”

“No, no Dream, please-”

Dream reached up and grabbed Tommy by his shoulder, pushing the axe further in until it slid through his ribs. With a twist of his wrist, Tommy’s body jerked as the bones snapped. “I think.” Dream’s mask was only inches away from Tommy’s face, “I’m tired of you, Tommy. You should have died like a hero.”

And with a shove, he sent Tommy’s body into the abyss.

Tommy woke up screaming. His voice was hoarse and cracking, and yet he filled his burning lungs and belted out another screech. His arms and legs waving in the air. All he could do was panic, the surging fear was engulfing him. He gasped in another breath, feeling like he was drowning.

He couldn’t stop-

He couldn't stop.

Tommy wailed even louder, his panic fueling the cycle. Throwing his head back and yowling as loud as he could, his voice breaking. How long- how long has he been crying? His mouth was dry and his throat was nearly bloody from how raw it felt. And yet Tommy couldn't stop.

The world was spinning around in circles. And it felt like he was still falling down into the L'Manburg hole. His stomach flipped upside down as Tommy cried.

There was a shuffle of feet, and Tommy could only barely feel relief on the edge of all of the panic. Phil- Phil was coming. He'll get Tommy to calm down. Tommy didn't know how he hadn't thrown up on himself yet, maybe it was because there was nothing in his stomach. He belted out another screech, unable to stop. Please please please please stop it stop it all he can't think he can't move he can't-

"Okay, okay, you need to be quiet now." The shadow above the crib came into focus, and Tommy could barely make out the pink hair from behind all of the tears. Techno leaned over, staring down at Tommy. "Shh."

What the fuck is Tommy supposed to do? The world was spinning faster. His vision tunneled until all Tommy could see was a pinprick above him. He tried to suck in another breath but his lungs froze up inside of him. A hiccup escaped Tommy, and another and another- until Tommy could barely recall if he was supposed to be breathing in or out yet. Each contraction of his chest hurt like a stab wound. He waved his arms up at Techno, a desperate plea for help. Please. Tommy can't- he can't *breathe*.

Big hands hesitantly reached down and picked Tommy up, and Tommy's head fell back from the lack of strength. He let out another broken screech, and a palm, bigger than Tommy's fucking head, cupped the back of his neck. Bringing him up to rest against something soft and warm.

"Shh," Techno hummed slowly, his deep voice breaking through Tommy's hysteria. "Focus on me, Tommy. Listen to my heartbeat. Okay kiddo?" Tommy's ear was pressed against Techno's shirt, and the calm steady drum of Techno's heart was loud.

But what really caught Tommy's attention was the *smell*. The fresh smell of pine and the nether were intertwined, a scent that was distinctly *Technoblade*. It reminded Tommy of the sad little hole he carved out underneath Techno's house, months ago. He had stolen a couple of blankets and one of Techno's capes to make the chilly space warmer against the tundra's freezing temperature.

Tommy spent weeks bathed in that scent. And even after Techno found him, and he let him stay, he never took the cape back from Tommy. Letting him wear it around the house. It wasn't until after Doomsday that Tommy packed it in his ender chest and left it there to rot.

That smell had been a reminder that Tommy had escaped Exile. That Techno was his friend. That the world was going to get better, and that Dream couldn't find him.

It smelled like safety.

Tommy grew quiet in Techno's arms. Pressing his face against his shirt, breathing in the scent over and over again. Feeling his heart beginning to calm down. His lungs still stuttered, but Tommy felt- he felt like he was in control again. But he kept his fists balled up in Techno's loose white shirt, shaking with exertion. He was safe. And he clung to that feeling like a limpet.

"There you go, Tommy." Techno muttered under his breath, and he began to bend over the crib again and Tommy let out a whining cry. No! He didn't want to go back to bed. Techno paused, and slowly straightened.

"Listen, I'm going to be straight with you." Techno sighed, "it's the middle of the night. It's bed time. You need to sleep now."

"No." Tommy whimpered. "No I don't wanna." Tommy was far, far too awake to sleep. Not after that hellish nightmare and subsequent panic attack. He was far too awake.

It was as if Techno understood him, "but you gotta." But even Techno sounded resigned. He turned, and pointed at Phil's bed. "Even Phil is out cold."

Phil was, indeed, passed the fuck out. His head tilted back, a line of drool crawling down his chin. Now that Tommy wasn't shrieking, Tommy could hear him softly snoring. How he hadn't heard Tommy, the kid didn't know. He must've been really tired.

"I'm not- I'm not in charge of you, kid." Techno argued back, "that's Phil's job."

Tommy sniffled, and peered up at Techno. His face was still wet with tears. And Techno let out a great sigh. "Fine, just for tonight." Techno grunted, but it looked like he was trying to convince himself to be annoyed. "Let's go sit downstairs and leave the old bird to sleep."

Tommy pressed his face to Techno's chest. His cheeks were sticky and wet, which quickly soaked into Techno's shirt. But the man didn't say anything as he stepped out of the room and down the stairs. Tommy was still shaking from his panic attack, and he didn't lift his head until he felt Techno sit down in his armchair, the springs creaking quietly.

The fire was still burning. Low embers lighting the world up in dark oranges and red hues. Techno settled in the chair with a low huff. "If you try anything, gremlin. I'm putting you in your cage."

Tommy lifted his eyes from Techno's shirt, blinking up at Techno with still-wet eyes. "Don't look at me like that," Techno grumbled, glancing away. He shifted, and with one hand, pulled the book from the side table. "I'm not easily swayed by your pouting."

Somehow a hand made it's way into Tommy's mouth again. And he sucked on it, as Techno opened to a page. A bookmark keeping the exact page easily accessible. Tommy glanced at the small print, but the words looked like ants marching across the page. Illegible.

The only sound was the low crackle of the fire. And finally Techno let out a low cough before beginning to speak in a low murmur, "a basket carrying the two twins, Romulus and Remus, was sent down the river. Their mother, hoping that they would be spared from the god's

judgment, watched as they disappeared around the river's bend. Knowing that she would never see her sons again." His voice was soothing, and the timbre of his words steady and gentle.

Tommy didn't know exactly when he fell back asleep. But it was by far the most peaceful sleep he's had in months.

A hand comes up and plays with Tommy hair lightly, and Techno's voice turned into a deep purr. "Runt," he says, "a little golden boy. You shouldn't look at me with so much trust. I'm not-" a sigh, "I am selfish. And I don't know if I could let you go. You're... you're goin' to regret this."

Tommy sighed and pressed his face into Techno's chest. And the purr grew louder. "I could never say no to you, Tommy." Techno says, "and this time, I won't let you betray me. You're goin' to stick to my side. I'll make sure of it." The fingers playing with his hair tightened their grip, not pulling but holding the golden locks securely.

And the grip on his hair loosened and became soft. Tommy didn't hear the promise. Slumbering contentedly in Techno's arms.

Unknowing that this changed everything.

Chapter End Notes

Techno has finally succumbed to the baby.

I put off uploading this chapter because it felt too short to me. But I also didn't really have anything to add to it so... yeah. Today I finally said enough was enough and threw it on here.

Dark! Techno is finally showing up. The ED custody battles are about to begin...

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Phil stumbled down the stairs, the sun was high in the sky. And Tommy was sitting in the high chair, eating admittedly fucking good mashed potatoes. Techno had somehow made them light and fluffy, and Tommy can taste the butter and salt. The potatoes had been spread across the flat surface of the highchair. It was a beautiful sight. And Tommy smacked it with his hands, and the potatoes went flying everywhere. There was a reason why Techno moved the high chair to the kitchen, where the floor didn't have carpets on it.

"Fuckin' finally," Tommy raised a hand and shoved a bit of mashed potato in his mouth. Smearing it across his cheeks and down his chin. If Tommy was going to be forced to take a bath later on, he was going to make it worth the trouble.

Phil was missing his hat, and his hair was knotted and sticking straight up. He stared at Techno, who was washing the dishes as Tommy made a mess of himself. "You- what?" Phil croaked, looking like one of his crows.

"Good morning, sleeping beauty." Techno placed a clean dish to the side, glancing over at Phil. "Took you forever to wake up."

"I- huh?" Phil glanced over at Tommy who tried to throw a handful of food at the man. It missed. Badly. No matter, Tommy will get him eventually. Come here, Philza. Tommy has a little present for you.

Techno began to wash the next dish, an frilly apron wrapped around his waist. Tommy wished he found that apron when he stayed here after exile. He could have lorded it over Techno until he died. Again. "You didn't wake up when he was cryin' last night."

Phil's face fell in dismay, "oh I'm so sorry mate, I didn't mean to force you to take care of him."

"Neglectful," Tommy shook his head, and sucked on his fingers to get a bit more salt. "Horribly abusive, that's what you are."

"Don't be." Techno shrugged, "he was good. Didn't make a fuss after I calmed him down."

"Still, I'm sorry." Phil took a step in the room, and Techno stopped him with a *look*. Oh, Tommy knew that look. It was the one what Techno wore when you were doing something particularly stupid. Tommy got it a lot when he was building the cobblestone tower. Or when he made the list in Techno's basement. Or when he-

Okay, Techno wore that look around Tommy a lot.

"Go take a shower." Techno waved Phil away, "you've been ignoring yourself."

“I’m fine,” Phil stammered, and then Techno faced him. Tommy watched, slack jawed, as Techno reached over and gripped Phil’s jaw like a viper striking at a mouse.

“Go take a shower,” Techno repeated, his voice firm. “Or do I need to remind you of your place?” A dangerous edge to his words made Tommy hiccup suddenly in fright.

“But I have to take care of-”

“No, you don’t.” Techno replied, a steel look in his eyes, “I have him. Look, he’s having a fun time. He’ll get a bath after you’re done. Take care of yourself, and when you’re finally showered and clean shaven, come back downstairs for breakfast.”

Phil swallowed heavily, and nodded. “Okay.”

“You mean I could have been doing that the entire time?” Tommy complained, and Techno shot him a dry look.

“Don’t get any ideas, Tommy.” Techno said, wryly. “It only works because he sees me as the head of his flock.”

“Huh,” Tommy smacked at the potatoes again, sending some tumbling off with a splatter. A bit flew up and hit him on his forehead, and he paused for a moment before looking up at Techno with an utterly betrayed look in his eyes. The potato slid down his face. “Help.”

Techno sighed, and grabbed a rag. “You’re helpless, aren’t you, kiddo?”

Phil came down, looking more refreshed than he has in days. Honestly, Tommy hadn’t seen him this clean since he sequestered Tommy in this hellish antarctic wasteland. Techno had Tommy in the kitchen sink, suds carefully staying out of Tommy’s eyes. A thick lather was building up in Tommy’s hair, and Tommy slapped at the water.

It splashed up and hit the apron. Techno gave Tommy a level look, “don’t you dare.”

“I dare.” Tommy challenged, raising one hand up high. “I fucking *dare*.”

Techno snorted, and narrowed his eyes. He let out a grumpy gruff noise, and took a step back as Tommy smacked the water as hard as he could. The water in the sink rose up, and sloshed over the side, hitting the floor with a smack. Techno, on the other hand, did not get wet.

“Gremlin,” Techno pointed a finger, “if you get soap in your eyes, I’m not helpin’.”

Tommy sniffed petulantly. And that was when Phil stepped into the room, a towel slung over his shoulders as he rubbed it against his hair. “Was he good?”

“Define good,” Techno grumbled looking at the floor that was covered in potatoes and soapy water.

“I’m an angel.” Tommy proclaimed, “now get back here. I need to get you wet too.” He tapped at the surface of the water with his palms, sending more suds bobbing up and down.

“Also Phil, the shampoo you’ve been using on his hair is shit.” Techno came closer, and filled up a cup with warm water before tilting Tommy’s head back to pour it over his hair.

“You’ll have to forgive the lack of baby shampoo in the middle of the tundra.” Phil said dryly. “I was using what I had.”

Techno grunted, a similar sound a piglin made. “Well, we can just use some of mine until we visit the next village.”

“We?” Phil stopped and gave Techno an unreadable look.

Techno paused at that, and Tommy wiggled impatiently. He wasn’t going to sit still all day for these two losers to communicate. He let out a shriek, and slapped at the water. It soaked the front of the apron, and Techno gave Tommy a glower. “Either finish washing me or get lost!” Tommy demanded.

“I said what I said,” Techno spoke slowly. “The kid is… alright. If he minds his manners.”

Tommy stuck his tongue out. And Techno cracked a grin.

“Oh.” Phil seemed to be at a loss. He blinked a couple of times before letting out a soft little chirp. “That’s great mate!” He grinned, ear to ear.

“Yeah yeah,” Techno shrugged, but Tommy could see the blush rising up his neck. “Don’t make it a habit of bringing home kids. I’m only helping you with one.”

“Tommy is more than a handful, I think he’ll be keeping the both of us on our toes.” Phil raced over to peer at Tommy who pouted at them both. “How is my little man?”

“Good, considerin’ he threw about eighty percent of his breakfast on the ground.”

Tommy narrowed his eyes and regarded them both with suspicion, “why do I feel like the two of you teaming up is going to be bad for me.”

As if to confirm Tommy’s words, Phil beamed happily. “I have this adorable onesie that would look so good on you, Tommy! Here, let me grab it for you, Techno.”

“Oh shit,” Tommy sighed in resignation, “I liked it when you were sleep deprived.”

Tommy woke up with a start, already wailing and sobbing. The nightmare lingering in the back of his head, and Tommy startled awake feeling Dream’s hands crushing his windpipe. He was startled to feel himself moving. A gentle sway back and forth, as Phil muttered to him and tried to sooth him.

“It’s okay, Tommy.” Phil said, pressing his nose in Tommy’s soft hair. “I got you. Nothing bad will happen to you. I’ll protect you. My little baby.”

Those words were nice and all, but they weren’t helping Tommy snap out of his panic attack. Tommy let out another wail, dragging in a ragged breath before wailing harder. Why does

Tommy have to cry so much? He was exhausted from it all. And he just fucking woke up!

“Phil,” a new voice joined the cacophony. “Here, let me.”

“I got this,” Phil fingers curled into Tommy’s cotton clothes, “you can go back to bed.”

Techno didn’t take no for an answer, and he crossed the room and held out his arms. “I have this.”

“No!” Phil turned his body to the side, and Tommy let out another ear piercing shriek. “You stayed up with him last night, it’s *my* turn. We’re doing this equally.”

Tommy would like somebody to help him calm down because he is incapable of doing it himself. Please and thank you. His voice cracked on the next wail.

“Philza, trust me.” Techno’s long pink hair, free from it’s braid, fell across his shoulders as he slowly tilted his head. “And then we can all go back to sleep.”

“I-” Phil’s mouth pressed together in a tight line. He shuddered, before finally handing Tommy over. “It takes an hour or two to get him calmed down when he’s like this.” He sighed, looking older suddenly. The shadows under his eyes were darker than a moment prior.

Techno pressed Tommy up against his chest, tucking Tommy’s head under his chin. He made those deep rumble sounds again. *Chuff chuff chuff*. The gentle jostling and combined with Techno’s scent soothed Tommy’s fried nerves. And within five minutes, Tommy’s screeching wails were down to soft hiccups.

“Finally,” Tommy grumbled, barely able to open his eyes. “You fuckers.”

Phil stared, wide eyed. “How-”

“Get good, Phil.” Techno lifted a corner of his mouth, exposing one of the tusks that poked out of his mouth. “Get good.”

Tommy let out a soft mumble, pressing his nose against Techno’s neck. Reaching up and grabbing his collar to hold him in place. “Shut up,” Tommy wiped his snotty face over Techno’s skin.

Techno stiffened up underneath him. And Phil caught the motion, before letting out a howl of laughter.

“Don’t laugh, Phil.” Techno replied with urgency, “he just wiped his face on me. His snotty, gross, wet, face. All over my *neck*. Get me a rag. A wipe. Something. Come on, Phil. Stop laughin’ at me, and be helpful. I need this off of me.”

“Get good,” Phil chortled, wiping a tear from his eyes, “get good, Technoblade.”

“Don’t use my words against me.” Techno scowled. “Seriously, I need to get this off of me. *Now*.”

“Part of being a parent,” Phil reached over and threw a stray rag at Techno, “is having to deal with an incredible amount of bodily fluids, Techno. Welcome to the first step of taking care of a kid.”

“I’m takin’ it back.” Techno wiped his neck, but he didn’t make a move to hand Tommy back to Phil. “I’m not helpin’ you with anything anymore.”

“Sure you aren’t,” Phil teased.

“I’m serious, Phil. I ain’t cut out for this.”

Phil tilted his head to the side, a bird like motion. He softly spoke, “Tommy is asleep on you.”

“I- oh.” Techno paused, looking down to see Tommy was passed out on his shoulder. A dribble of snot still leaking from one nose. His face slack and peaceful, softly breathing with even breaths. “*Oh.*”

“Yeah.” Phil said softer, “welcome to the second step of taking care of a kid. You can’t help but love ‘em.”

Chapter End Notes

Tommy, seething: I will have my revenge! All of you will regret manhandling me! I'm the biggest man and one day you will rue the day you've done this to me!
Also Tommy, as potatoes slide down his face, in near tears: help

Also! My friends and I are releasing a Mermay collection! I will be posting my first chapter of my mer fic on the 28th. See you there! More details are on my twitter.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

DARK ED <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Messing with Techno was the funniest thing Tommy's done in a while. Better yet, it also pissed Phil off too. There was something cathartic about annoying his two captors. After all the humiliation the two put him through, it was vindicating to pit them against each other.

Every time Techno came downstairs or walked through the door, Tommy would wave his arms at him. Even if Phil was fucking holding him, Tommy wanted Techno to hold him. And Phil would get this pinched look on his face. Techno would look bewildered, as if the miniscule amounts of actually treating Tommy like an adult hadn't endeared Tommy to him. Bitch. He was better than Phil who suffocatingly coddled and simpered at Tommy.

And any time they did not acquiesce to Tommy's demands, he just had to prod at his emotions with a blunt stick until he was blubbering and crying. Phil gave in after Tommy cried in his arms for two hours, depositing Tommy into Techno's arms with a tired look.

Good. Heh.

This also frustrated Techno because he had to do things. And now he had to take care of Tommy. So he'd try and put Tommy *down*. Which was unforgivable. If Tommy was feeling very nice, he'd let Technoblade do it. But for the most part, Tommy was incredibly bitter and wanted Techno to match his mood. Making Technoblade carry him all the time was one way to spite the piglin hybrid. And the looks Phil shot Technoblade weren't lost either.

Suck it up, assholes.

Days passed by. Tommy lost count long ago. He could only mark the passage of time with how his eye-hand coordination improved. Before he could barely wiggle around, rocking back onto his legs and arms. But as the days flew past, his ability to maneuver was gradually getting stronger. Better. Faster.

Tommy had *power* again.

Techno sighed from the corner of the room. Shuffling around in his massive chest collection. Tommy was firmly not allowed in that part of the room. But the piglin hybrid was just out of

sight, so he left Tommy to sit on a blanket in the middle of the room with a few toys surrounding him.

The two adults had, thankfully, stopped putting Tommy in the pen. Mostly because if Tommy was awake when they did that he would scream in protest. The few times they put him in there was when Tommy was in the middle of a nap. The middle of the living room had been converted to a small play area. A thick blanket placed on the ground, with a couple of toys dotting it.

Foolish, stupid, captors. They had underestimated Tommy. He had slowly been building up the strength, and now, after an eternity, Tommy can *crawl*.

Technoblade shuffled a few more items in the distance, and Tommy waited until he was certain that Techno was distracted before putting one pudgy hand on the blanket, and began his first escape attempt.

One hand slapped onto the blanket covered ground. And then the next. And Tommy's knees moved. And he scooted forwards. Two inches turned into four, into a whole foot which then led to Tommy scooting across the floor *like a mad man*.

Tommy could *move*.

Nothing could keep him down! Tommy shuffled off of the blanket, and winced at the sudden lack of padding. But he had to keep going! Who knows if he'd ever be left alone like this again.

This was Tommy's *one chance*.

Tommy's fleece onesie actually helped him slide across the ground soundlessly. The only problem was that Tommy's sweaty palms sometimes slapped against the ground too loud, and he paused and turned towards where Techno was muttering to himself. Afraid that the man would finally turn around and witness Tommy's escape. But Technoblade never did, preoccupied by sorting his chests to notice Tommy's rapid departure from the room.

Scooch scooch scooch, and the wood flooring turned into brick tiles of the kitchen. It was admittedly pretty horrible to slide across. But Tommy couldn't really go anywhere else on the ground floor. The dining room was carpeted, but it was also empty save for a cabinet and a table.

Not a lot of good hiding spots there.

Tommy crossed the floor, pausing whenever his legs hit a brick too hard to curse under his baby breath. Damn it all. He nearly hit his elbow too hard and burst into tears. But with the power of a man, Tommy kept the emotional dam from bursting.

Where to go... Where to go? Tommy couldn't actually open any doors, nor could he reach a window. But right in front of him was one of the low cupboards underneath the sink. The spruce wood was polished lightly, giving it a soft gleam.

That could work. Tommy's pudgy hand came up and pawed at it. Fuck. Grunting with effort, Tommy focused on trying to slip his fingers underneath the wood, and with all of the strength his baby arms had, he pulled it open.

A dark space welcomed Tommy, and he pushed himself inside. The soft smell of wood surrounded him, and wiggled until his legs popped through the opening, which closed itself behind him. The springs on the hinges keeping the door shut with a soft tap of wood.

SUCCESS.

Tommy patted his way blindly around the empty space. There was a bundle of towels that smelled like Phil's laundry soap, and Tommy nearly bumped his head on a pipe. But besides that, the area was dry and empty.

Tommy had to resist cackling to himself. He had a perfect plan. He had to hide from his two captors, and when they couldn't find him eventually they had to open one of the doors outside to look for him! And then Tommy can slip out, unnoticed, and find his way back to Snowchester and as soon as Tubbo sees Tommy he'd know what to do. They're best friends. They had like, some sort of cool mental link or some shit.

It was *foolproof*.

Tommy smiled wickedly to himself as he heard the stairs creek. Thumping steps coming down the stairs, not as heavy as Technoblade was. Phil.

There was a shuffling pause. And it was music to Tommy's ears when he heard, "Techno? Where is Tommy?"

A beat.

"Heh?"

"Where? Where is Tommy?" Phil's voice was suspiciously high and light.

"Oh, he's on his blanket."

"Technoblade, Tommy is not on the blanket."

Another beat.

"*Heh?*" There was a clatter as something dropped on the ground, "but- but I put him there! He was right there just a second ago."

"But he's gone now," Phil's voice was tight, and Tommy had to clamp a hand over his mouth to stop himself from giggling. "Technoblade, if you do not find my son in the next *three seconds*-" His voice went shrill like a bird.

"I'm lookin'! I'm lookin'!" There was a thump of feet. Somebody walked into the kitchen frantically, pacing through as they crossed into the dining room.

“He isn't here.” Phil called out, and then called out in a sweet voice, “Tommy honey, where are you? This isn't the time to play hide and go seek, sweetheart. Come on out, baby.”

As if that would work on Tommy! The fools! He had a master plan! He still kept a hand over his mouth- actually now it was *in* his mouth, to prevent himself from laughing and giving his hiding spot away.

“He isn't behind the couches.” Techno called out, and Phil made a shrill clicking noise. “I'm lookin'!”

“I can't believe you lost him!” Phil let out a shriek, “I leave you for *five minutes*.”

“It wasn't five minutes,” Techno grumbled back.

“*You lost my baby, Techno fucking Blade.*” Phil's voice *clicked clicked clicked* ominously. “If I do not have him in my arms in the next *minute*, you're going to sleep in the dog house tonight. Got it?”

A pause.

“Got it.”

It was like a switch flipped, and Phil was softly cooing again. “Tooommmmyyy, hey kiddo. Where are you? Where did you go? Hm? Are you hiding under the-” there was a pause, “*table*? No? Aww, you're so good at this game, sweetie.”

There was a heavy thump from the living room. It made the floor jump underneath Tommy's legs from the weight of something behind tossed onto the ground. “He isn't *under* the couches.”

“I don't think he could fit under the couches.” Phil muttered, a bit close to Tommy's comfort. The man had walked back into the kitchen. Standing there. Observing. *Listening*.

“I don't think he went upstairs,” Techno grumbled, but Tommy heard him taking quick steps up the flight of creaky steps.

“Are you sure you left him on the blanket?” Phil called out.

Techno grunted upstairs, “yes. He was *on the blanket*.”

“He isn't in his pen. He isn't in the living room. He can't *climb* yet.” Phil was muttering to himself, his shoes shuffling on the floor as he paced back and forth. “He isn't in the dining room, he isn't in the kitchen, where the fuck-”

There was a slight pause.

“Techno?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you think...” Phil’s voice got scarily calm, “that somebody *took* him?”

There was a series of heavy thumps as Techno climbed down the steps. Tommy held his breath. This was the moment he was waiting for. The second they opened the front door, Tommy could *leave*. His plan was working. There was a snuffling noise as Techno scented the air.

“No, I don’t...” Techno hummed, “I don’t smell anybody. It is just us three.”

“But it makes sense, doesn’t it?” Phil’s voice was turning shrill again, “we have enemies. They wouldn’t hesitate to take *my child away from me. From us. So they took him. They took my baby. My son. Away from me.*” His voice clicked and rattled, “*I’ll kill them. I’ll kill them all. Rip them apart and leave their bodies for the crows. They can’t touch my nestling. He’s mine-*”

“Hey hey hey-” Techno crossed the room and grabbed Phil’s shoulders, “it’s okay. It’s okay. Take a deep breath in,” there was a moment as Phil sucked in air, “and out.” And Phil sighed, “listen, if anybody *did* steal Tommy they would have done it while I was in the room. I can’t smell anybody besides us. I would have noticed, okay? Nobody, and I mean, *nobody* can take your kid.” A pause, “*our* kid. Alright? Tommy is around here somewhere. Hidin’ in the shadows like the little scavenger he is. We’ll find him. He can’t have gone far.”

“Okay.” Phil said, “you’re right. He couldn’t have gone very far. There are only so many places a baby can go.”

“There you go,” Techno said softly, “we just need to check any hiding spot he could have gotten into from the ground level.”

Wait? What? No! Tommy needed them to open the door! This was turning into a lot more of a fuss than Tommy imagined it to be. He stared at the door of the cupboard with a frown. Why won’t they just... do it already?

“Okay, if I were Tommy, where would I go?” Techno muttered to himself from the living room. “I’d go towards the chests. Loot. Gapples. He wants to steal my stuff again.”

“Technoblade,” Phil sighed fondly, “he doesn’t know any of those things yet.”

“Shhh, trust the process.” Technoblade shushed him, “but Tommy wouldn’t go near the chests because I was over there. He’d want to avoid me.”

“Are we talking about the same baby who cries to get into your arms?”

“Shhh. I’m talkin’ about *Tommy Innit* Phil. Tommy is still a gremlin no matter what size he is. If he won’t go near me, then he’d go as far as he can. The stairs are too far away. So he’d... come in this direction.” Techno’s even steps got closer. “He’s lookin’ around. He notices that the dining room is empty. He won’t go in there.”

“Techno,” Phil snorted, “he’s a baby.”

Techno didn't bother to correct Phil this time. "The floor is hard against his legs." Techno muttered, "it's uncomfortable. His clothes won't stop the brick from diggin' in. He's lookin' around for a softer place."

There is a creek of boots. Tommy peered through the slight crack in the cupboard. And Techno is squatting down, gazing with a critical eye at the kitchen. Thinking hard. "He's uncomfortable. But he won't go back into the livin' room."

With a thoughtful glance, Technoblade reached over and pulled open the door to the cupboard. It wasn't the one Tommy was hiding in. A stack of plates and bowls appeared, and he closed it softly, before pulling open another door.

Oh no.

Tommy scooted back from the cupboard, glancing around in the empty space to see if there was anywhere he could hide. But there was nothing. Techno was moving around the kitchen, opening every cupboard that was low to the ground. It was only a matter of time before Tommy was found.

What would they do if they found him? Beat him? Hurt him? Lock him up so he'd never see daylight again? If they knew that Tommy had hid purposefully then they'd *never* let him go out of their sights again.

Quick- Tommy needed an excuse. He didn't hear them calling for him because he was- he was- *asleep*! Yes!! Tommy fell asleep! See! That's a great excuse. Tommy took naps all the time. They couldn't fault him for that!

Tommy rested his head against the pile of towels, and closed his eyes. Curling up in a casual sleeping position like he had been out the entire time. He closed his eyes, and not a moment later, he saw light break the darkness around him.

There was a relieved sigh, and a small laugh. "Found him."

Phil shuffled over, and through a slit behind Tommy's eyelashes, he saw the man peering at him. He looked *wrecked*. His hair was messed up, and his eyes were dark. His pupils expanded further than Tommy had seen before. The second he saw Tommy, Phil jerked forwards like he was going to lunge at him.

Techno held him back, "shhh, see? He's fine. He's okay. Look, he just fell asleep. Probably because it was dark and quiet. Nothin' happened. He's safe." Techno reached down, and picked Tommy up from the cupboard. His strong arms cradling him to his chest.

"He was gone," Phil's voice was intermixed with a low warble, "he *left*. My nestling can't *leave me*. Not again. I won't let it." Phil leaned into Techno, hesitantly reaching out to touch Tommy's cheek.

"And he won't," Techno said soothingly. "We have a long time before he even thinks about goin' anywhere."

“But- but what if he turns back?” Phil nearly choked up, “what if he-”

“Hey. Don’t work yourself up over somethin’ that hasn’t happened yet.” Technoblade said, “he’s a baby. And the chances are, he’s still going to be a baby. Magic like this doesn’t come apart that easily. But, on the off chance,” Techno grabbed Phil’s chin and met his eyes, “that Tommy does become his annoyin’ brat self again, we’ll still keep him. Okay? He’s still a kid. A bit dumb, but a kid nonetheless.”

Techno’s voice got lower, rougher, darker, as he said, “he can’t escape the two of us, Phil. He’s *ours*.”

Ah.

Well.

This feels like this could be a problem.

So there is a minor issue. Nothing too serious. Techno didn’t let Phil carry Tommy as he climbed up the stairs. Only giving Tommy over to Phil’s shaking arms when he was sitting in Phil’s nest.

Tommy was pretty sure that his escape attempt rattled something around in Phil’s brain. Because the guy went *crazy*. Listen, Tommy already knew the man was coocoo. But this was on a new level Tommy didn’t understand.

Phil started ripping up the bed. Keeping Tommy next to his side, occasionally reaching over and touching Tommy as if to remind Phil that he was still there. The few times he shuffled around on the wide space, he picked Tommy up and placed him on a new blanket.

After the third or fourth time, Tommy dropped the charade that he was asleep. He didn’t like being picked up and placed around the bed like he was some kind of doll. He gave Phil a glare as the man pulled up a blanket and refolded it.

Can’t a kid just take a fake nap and be left *alone*?

The second Phil saw Tommy’s eyes open, he let out a breathy bird-like coo. “Oh, hello nestling.” He reached down and pulled Tommy into his arms. “My little one. Sweetling. Did you have fun? With your adventure?”

Tommy let out a grumpy baby noise. Reaching up to try and pull on Phil’s hair. The man grabbed his hand and pulled it away, a gentle smile that never reached his eyes on his face. “I hope you had a lot of fun, nestling. Because it’s going to be a long time before you’re going to leave my sight again.”

There was a snort from the corner of the room. Tommy whipped his head around to see Techno squished up in the rocking chair. His book in hand, with the golden glasses perched on the tip of his nose. “Don’t make promises you can’t keep, Phil. You need to take a break too.”

Phil let out a rattling hiss, and Tommy didn't like it. The noise made his heart lurch in his chest from the sudden sound. He let out a surprised hiccup. And Phil stopped as quickly as he started, and ran his fingers through Tommy's hair in a silent apology. "I don't listen to people who *lost* my child."

"I found *our* child." Techno pointed out, and the rocking chair groaned as he shifted his weight. Staring Phil down with a challenging look.

"He wouldn't have to be found if he didn't get lost in the first place." Phil said lowly, burying his nose in Tommy's hair, "isn't that right bud? If Techno had just been watching you like he was *supposed to*-"

"Hey-"

"-then your Dad wouldn't have had a literal heart attack." Phil finished.

Record scratch.

Dad? DAD?

Philza Minecraft is *not* Tommy's father.

Tommy let out an angry shriek. But Phil ignored it, humming gently as he rocked Tommy back and forth. Tommy squirmed helplessly in the arms of a mad man, and then cast his pleading eyes to Techno. He only had one arm free, and he waved it over to Technoblade. *Help me.*

"Phil, give him some space," Techno said, his red eyes staring at the scene but he didn't move. Didn't make a step to free Tommy from this new hell.

"No." Phil clicked, and Tommy shuddered from the sound. It was okay to listen to when he was in a cupboard, but being right next to Phil and hearing that noise *scared* him. Like he was the one that Phil was mad at.

That poked the baby brain. And within a few seconds, Tommy was crying. He waved his free arm to Techno as he blinked away the tears. Phil was angry at *him*.

Technoblade shifted in the rocking chair, and Phil let out an angry rattle, which only sent Tommy into a higher frenzy. "Phil, you need to-"

"Stay away!" Phil clicked out, holding Tommy to his chest protectively. His wings flaring up around the two of them. "He's mine. *He's mine.*"

"I know!" Techno shouted over Tommy's screams. "I know he is. But he won't calm down!"

"You don't know that!" Phil snarled, "he was mine first! My son! You swooped in and *took over* and-"

"Prime above, Philza. Get a hold of yourself," Techno waved a hand to Tommy, "does it look like he's calming down?"

“You’re not giving me a chance!” Phil shrieked back, and his wings rose up with his agitation. “You always take him when he’s crying! You can’t have him anymore!”

Tommy sobbed, and sobbed, and sobbed. And the two men shouted over his cries. Everything was too much! His hands waved in the air. The words the two adults were starting to fade into the background, all he knew was Phil was holding him tightly and he made those scary sounds and it was Tommy’s fault!

The world began to spin in a circle as Tommy tried to draw in a breath. The voices were muffled to his ears. And he felt himself being moved around, and Tommy pressed his eyes tightly.

And then he smelled safety. Pine and nether mixed together, and he buried his face into Technoblade’s chest. Curling his fists into the soft fabric of Techno’s cape, he let out another hiccup and slowly calmed down.

Technoblade had him now. Everything would be okay. He was safe here.

But something was off. The hands weren’t as warm. The comforting rumble wasn’t the same. The grip was different. It wasn’t until Tommy was snuffling quietly to himself that he opened his eyes. Blinking the last of the tears from his eyes, as he looked up at Philza.

The man himself looked to be near tears. But he had a grateful, relieved expression on his face. Techno’s large, bulky cape was thrown around his shoulders. “It worked,” Phil wiped at Tommy’s face with his thumb. “I can’t believe it, it worked.”

“Babies are dumb,” Techno grumbled. And Tommy craned his neck to find the piglin hybrid pressed up against the wall. He looked weird not wearing a cape, his white poet’s shirt seemingly brighter without the cape next to it.

Phil hummed, and leaned down and crooned. Hugging Tommy to his chest. His fingers running up and down Tommy’s spine. “My baby. My nestling. Mine mine mine,” he hummed, rocking back and forth.

Tommy let out a confused hiccup, his fists tightly curled into Technoblade’s cape. He tried to meet Techno’s eyes, but Phil lifted up his massive wings. “Don’t look at him, Tommy,” Phil cooed, “just look at me. I am all you ever need.” Phil knocked their foreheads gently together, his long blonde hair falling around Tommy’s head like a curtain.

“Doubt it,” Techno muttered from behind the feathers, “you’re lost in your instincts right now, Phil.”

“Shhh,” Phil shushed Tommy. Hey! Tommy didn’t even say anything. “You’re *my* baby, Tommy. You’re my son. You don’t need anybody else.”

“Ouch.”

Tommy squirmed in his grasp. But Phil’s fingers kneaded at his back, and it actually felt really nice. And Tommy stilled, staring up at Phil helplessly. Phil’s eyes were nearly black,

just a tiny ring of blue around his pupils. And his hair fell into his face.

He crooned at Tommy, and Tommy hiccupped back. “So sweet,” Phil murmured, “my little nestling. I’m so happy I found you. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“Cry, probably,” Techno interjected from the background.

“I lost- Wilbur-” Phil shuddered, “I won’t let it happen again. Never, ever, again. Because you’re going to stay right here in my nest, where it’s safe. Okay, Tommy? I’ll give you everything you want, just stay with me.”

“Kinda cringe you’re bribing a baby.”

“Shhh,” Phil crooned again, and Tommy repressed the jolting hiccup in his lungs. “Don’t listen to Technoblade. He thinks he’s funny but he’s not.”

“Wow, talking bad about me to a literal baby, Philza. I see how low you’ve become.” Tommy could practically hear Technoblade rolling his eyes. “Can I move now or-?”

“No,” Phil wrapped his wings around Tommy, “no no no no. Technoblade isn’t allowed to move or else I’ll fuck him up, Tommy. He tried to take you from me. And I won’t let it happen. Never, ever again. You’re my baby. So little and small, my little ray of sunshine. I don’t need his help at all.” There was an angry snort behind Phil. But Techno didn’t say another word.

Philza has lost it, Tommy decided. He’s a mad man. An absolutely crazy fool with a netherite sword.

You know what? Tommy didn’t regret trying to escape. Not at all, not when this shit happens and he’s helpless to it. He’ll just have to plan it out better next time. He’ll lose these two fools and run out of here so quickly their heads will spin.

And in spite, Tommy reached up and finally grabbed onto a hunk of Phil’s hair and yanked as hard as he could.

Phil’s resulting yelp was *worth it*.

Chapter End Notes

fight, fight, fight

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Me, idly buffing my nails: warnings for violence, and non consensual touching. You all know the drill. This might be a cute baby fic but I am a dark writer so-

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy spent literal days in the nest. With Phil cooing and looking like an utter mad man. Technoblade, the utter bastard, never helped him. Only occasionally popping his head into the room, bringing food in and looking Tommy over to make sure Phil hadn't done any crazy to him. Tommy would wave his arms at the piglin hybrid, which set Phil off, and there was this weird posturing dance Phil would do to force Technoblade to leave the room.

Thankfully, Phil learned not to do that clicking noise around Tommy after he set Tommy off a couple of times. Instead he hissed quietly at Technoblade, covering Tommy underneath his wings.

After Phil realized that Tommy needed to cling to Techno's cape to calm down from his nightmares, he seemed almost cheery. Crooning softly as Tommy quieted down after waking up from a nightmare.

Tommy was almost bitter that they found out how to manipulate him like that. But he was grateful every time he was able to stop the endless crying fits. He couldn't stop wailing until Technoblade held him, but now Phil could fool his baby brain into thinking that he was the piglin hybrid.

It made the nights smoother for all of them. Tommy didn't have to wait through Phil's jealousy to hand him over to Techno now. Things were pleasant. Sort of. Tommy was still a baby, after all. Not the big man that he should be.

And for the fact that Phil literally won't let Tommy out of the nest. Nor would he allow Technoblade to come near.

Tommy could sense something was looming in the horizon. A shift of power. It was the way that Technoblade's red eyes would narrow every time that Phil would cover Tommy from his gaze. The barely held back displeased huffs from the piglin when Phil saw him as a threat. The twitch from Techno's arms when Tommy waved his hands at him to save him from Phil-

All of it was building up to something.

And so it wasn't a surprise when Tommy woke up in the middle of the night to Technoblade picking him up out of the nest.

“Shh,” Technoblade softly shushed Tommy, and settled the boy in the crook of his arm. Tommy blinked sluggishly, didn’t Technoblade know not to disturb a sleeping baby? That’s like, parenting 101. Don’t wake the child on pain of death.

Technoblade didn’t make another sound until he closed the door to Phil’s room behind him. The avian curled up in the nest, around the empty spot where Tommy had been lying moments prior. Tommy’s fist was in his mouth, yet again, and he watched with droopy eyes as Technoblade stole him away.

Techno took him into the living room, pausing to cradle Tommy close to his chest. There was a snuffle as Techno pressed his nose into Tommy’s hair, and he rumbled, “you smell only like Phil now.”

Well, yeah. Tommy literally couldn’t leave. Phil kept him trapped in his shitty nest the entire time. Running his fingers up and down Tommy’s back and hair, muttering nonsense to himself.

Techno pulled back and stared Tommy down, “don’t tell Phil this, but I missed you, runt.”

Tommy would totally snitch at any given moment, but he’s feeling generous. That feeling quickly vanished when Technoblade said, “now let’s give you a bath. Phil’s been neglectin’ you, you stinky kid.”

Excuse me??

Tommy was going to fucking kill Technoblade the second he could. He gave Technoblade the biggest scowl he could muster, and the man only huffed with laughter. “You are such a grumpy kid. I would’ve thought Tommy would’ve been a energetic bundle of chaos, but you’re just so angry all the time.”

“I will get you back,” Tommy cursed at him, “you will rue the day.”

Bathtime was normal. Techno gently soaped up Tommy’s hair, making sure not to let any of the bubbles fall into Tommy’s eyes. Tommy slapped at the water, aiming to get Techno back in any way he could. Even if it was getting him wet, but Techno expertly avoided the splashes.

It wasn’t until Tommy was in his new, clean, onesie, Techno gently toweling off his hair, that Techno spoke again. He leaned down, and drew in a long breath next to Tommy’s shoulder. And he let out a long purr, “there you go. That’s much better, runt.”

Techno picked him up again, and Tommy took a chance. Reaching up and tangling his fingers in Techno’s hair. The big man’s hand flew up and, with a soft touch, pulled Tommy’s hand from it. “Now, now, you know you need to behave, Tommy.” Techno said softly, “I’m not going to let you pull my hair like you did to Phil.”

Well, fuck.

Tommy chanced tactics and went for Techno's earrings that lined up and down his pointy ears. Most of them were studs or hoops, but there was one that had an emerald that dangled in the air. Techno caught Tommy's hand. "You need to be gentle," Techno spoke firmly, but leaned over and allowed Tommy to brush his fingers against the gold. Techno still held Tommy's wrist, and any time Tommy almost grabbed one, he would pull his head back slightly.

"Gentle," Technoblade reiterated, and Tommy sighed and stopped trying to pull on them. The earrings were warm from Techno's skin, and he stroked against the gold curiously. The longer Tommy stared at it, the more alluring it was. And he pressed up against Techno's chest, his other hand in his mouth like usual, as he craned his neck to peer at it better.

Tommy... wanted.

Techno purred, rocking back and forth slowly. "You like them, don't you, Toms?" His big fingers reach up and brushing against Tommy's ears, "did you know that piglins pierce their ears young as well? Phil told me I had to wait till you're older. But can you imagine? A little stud. Right here," his thumb swiped Tommy's earlobe. "With a little emerald chip. To match. It would be *perfect*."

Tommy didn't know how to feel about this. But he could imagine it. Tommy had always wanted earrings. He never said a word about it. But he had admired Technoblades from afar. Just one, maybe a stud or a small hoop in his left ear. It would've been super pog. It would've added to the big man aesthetic.

But now Tommy was a *baby*. And his stomach flipped flopped. He wasn't sure if he wanted one now. Tommy withdrew from Techno's ear, and shoved his face into Techno's neck to hide.

Techno's fingers curled in the baby hairs at the nape of Tommy's neck, "it's okay, Tommy," he murmured, "I can wait. Phil would have my head otherwise. Heaven knows he won't let me cover you in gold yet. He said it was too heavy for a runt."

Technoblade pulled back, so he could peer down at Tommy, "but I'm sure I could find a couple kid friendly pieces of my hoard for you. A necklace? Something you can't choke on when you inevitably stick it in your mouth."

Hey! Tommy removed the hand from his mouth as subtly as possible. He didn't stick *everything* in his mouth. Jerk.

"Alright kiddo, lets get some food in you before Phil wakes up and freaks out." Techno bounced Tommy on his hip. "How about some mashed potatoes?"

Tommy was staring at Technoblade through the gaps of the fucking *prison*. He crawls away *once* and suddenly he has to sit in the pen. His little hands wrapped around the bars, and he

let out a pleading whine at Technoblade. He didn't *want* to be in here. Technoblade glanced up from the book, and gave Tommy and blank look.

"Don't look at me," Technoblade pointed a finger at him, "you crawled away *once* when I was lookin' the other direction. You don't get freedom."

Fuck!

Tommy's bottom lip trembled. And Technoblade shook his head, "your mind tricks won't work on me, Tommy."

Bastard.

The sun was poking it's head over the mountains. Tommy's schedule was totally fucked up because Technoblade stole him from Phil, and Tommy was *absolutely* going to make this their problem when they tried to get him to sleep tonight. After Technoblade fed him, the man moved to the living room, where he began to push the furniture out of the way. The blanket in the middle was cleaned up, and Tommy's crib was one of the few things still left in it's place, pushed up against the far wall.

There was a large, empty space in the living room. And Tommy wondered *why*. Why did Techno move everything?

The answer quickly showed itself when there was a muffled thump upstairs, and there was a horrible clicking *shriek*.

Techno closed the book with a snap. And Tommy let out a screech of his own. Let him out of the pen! Let him *out*!

If Technoblade won't, then Phil would. Haha! Tommy has them wrapped around his finger.

Techno sighed, and gave Tommy a flat look. "You're a little gremlin, aren't you. Riling him up further. You're just making this worse for him."

Phil practically flew down the steps. His wings puffing up behind him, a wild look in his eyes. His dark eyes locked onto Tommy, before snapping his head to stare down Technoblade. A rising click began to fill the air.

"My *baby*," Philza breathed, and then he lunged for Tommy. Technoblade was suddenly *there* standing in front of the pen. And he grabbed Phil's collar, and threw him onto the ground. The wood floors shook from the heavy hit, and Tommy gasped in shock.

"You need to learn how to share, Philza." Technoblade said, brushing his hands clean. "He isn't just *yours*, Tommy belongs to me as well."

Phil hissed from where he laid on the ground, and then, like a snake, struck. Launching himself up and at Techno, his hands curling into claws. Techno ducked his attack, and rammed his shoulder into Phil's stomach, and then threw him back onto the ground.

"Come on, Phil. Give up." Techno sighed, "you know you're not going to win this."

The avian did not care, nor listen. Phil threw himself back at Technoblade. Swiping at his legs, arms, or, at one memorable moment, at Techno's eyes. And each time, Techno dodged it and slammed Phil back onto the ground.

Tommy's mouth was open in awe. And then, after Phil made a horrible wheezing sound, he giggled. His laughter ringing out in the air.

Both adults stopped what they were doing- Phil mid lunge- to stare at Tommy.

"Hit him harder, Techno." Tommy crowed, reaching his hand through the bar, "scratch his eyes out, Phil!"

Phil changed tactics, and threw himself at Tommy. His hands reaching out to grab Tommy through the bars. Tommy gasped in surprise, jolting back. Wait wait wait, Tommy didn't want to fight!

Phil's hands stopped, inches away from the pen.

"Leave," Technoblade grunted, heaving Phil up by his ankle where he grabbed him, "Tommy," Phil hissed and struggled to get out of Techno's grasp, "*alone!*" And he flung Philza into the floor so hard it made the windows rattle. Phil made a low groan.

"You are not allowed to run off with him," Technoblade grabbed one of Phil's wings in one big hand, pressing his knee into Phil's lower back. Tommy winced. That would hurt the old man. "It was a mistake," Techno said between heavy breaths, "to let you take him to your nest. You *hogged* him."

Phil spat and cursed, writhing in Technoblades grasp. But the movement halted quickly when Techno dug his fingers into his black feathers.

Phil froze. His arms twitching, barely breathing, as Techno held his primary feathers in one hand. Like a cat that held a bird's neck in their mouth. The predator held their prey's life in their hands.

"That's it," Techno said sweetly, "just relax, Phil. I have you now."

Phil did not relax. His eyes were stuck on Tommy, breathing harshly through his nose. His form was as tense as a rock. And Techno forcefully tugged on the black wing, pulling it out further. Spreading out the feathers like a curtain.

Tommy didn't see what Techno did, he was behind the wing, but he saw Phil shudder. The man's blue eyes closing, breaking his stare. And with a twitch, and another shiver, Phil slumped onto the floor. All of his tension leaving him limp. "See?" Technoblade said, fondly, "I can take care of you, Phil. You don't have to push me away."

Phil let out a low chirp, his hair falling over his face, hiding his expression. His fingers dug into the floor. But then his grip loosened, and Phil chirped again, as Techno shifted his weight.

What was happening?

“We had a deal, Phil,” Technoblade said lowly, as Phil peeped, “that you’d take care of yourself. I know you’ve had a hard time coping lately, and you’ve gotten so much better since you brought Tommy home. But you’re still neglecting your wings.” Techno shifted and pulled the wing around, and Tommy could finally see what he was doing. Techno was threading his fingers through Phil’s wings, gently tugging on a few, pulling out loose ones and straightening crooked ones.

“How long has it been since you preened, Phil?” Technoblade spoke, “you’ve been so concerned over the kid you’ve stopped caring for yourself. Which is unacceptable. I have to step in, Phil. It’s been so long you’ve stopped seeing me as your flock, keeping me away from our kid- fuck Phil you’re forgetting about the one person you need to take care of first. Yourself.”

Techno reached the tip of the wing, and rubbed at it. And Phil let out a series of cheeps, and Tommy hiccuped from the sound. It made the insides of his ears itch uncomfortably. “There you go,” Techno purred, looking pleased, as Phil melted onto the floor. “Just let me take care of you. I’m the protector of our sounder, Phil. I’m the leader. I will protect you, and Tommy, no matter what. But you need to *listen* to me.” The last few words were firm, as Technoblade pulled on the feathers gently.

Phil let out a choking noise, and slowly, oh so slowly, he nodded. And Technoblade rumbled so loud Tommy could feel it in his chest. Techno got off of Phil, and pulled the limp avian onto the couch.

Tommy watched as Techno propped Phil on his shoulder, pulling a wing closer to him. Combing through it, and Phil slumped against Techno, a wave of chirps falling from his lips. Techno looked the cat that got the cream. Muttering lowly to Phil, so quietly that Tommy didn’t hear it. But whatever it was, Phil shuddered and nodded into Techno’s shoulder.

After a half an hour of watching Techno combe through Phil’s feathers, Tommy wrapped his hands around the bars of the prison and leaned up against the wood. “Helllloooo,” Tommy spoke up, “did you forget about me? I’m dying in this fucking cage. Let me ouuut.” And for added measure, he let out an angry screech.

Techno laughed, throwing his head back and pulling Phil under his arm. “That’s Tommy, alright. He needs all of our attention, doesn’t he, Phil? Such a needy little runt.” And then his voice dipped, “what do you say, Phil? Are you going to be good for me? I’ll let you hold Tommy. But if not, he’s going to stay on my lap.”

Phil looked like he got fucking *drugged* or something. But Tommy didn’t see Techno forcing a potion down his throat. When Techno pulled back, Phil fell back onto the couch and slid down, nearly falling off if Techno didn’t put a hand on his knee.

“You need to use your words, Philza.”

Phil opened his eyes, staring down at Tommy with such a desperate, needy look. He swallowed a few times, before croaking out, “yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, I’ll listen.” Phil sounded wrecked. And Techno huffed, pleased.

“Good,” and he stood up and walked over to Tommy. “Come here, runt. You did very good too, lettin’ us settle our differences without cryin’.” He bumped his forehead against Tommy’s, “how about you get to try some sweet berries tonight, huh? That’ll be real tasty for a gremlin like you.”

“I want to see you fight again,” Tommy grumbled, shoving a hand into his mouth to hide his disappointment. “Can you throw Phil around again?”

Techno tucked Tommy under his chin, chuffing as he sat back on the couch next to Phil. Like a moth drawn to a flame, Phil slid forwards, holding his hands out towards Tommy. A snort from Techno stopped him from touching Tommy.

“Promise you’ll be good?” Techno pulled Phil to rest his head against his shoulder. Tommy peered at Phil, who was staring down at him intensely.

Phil blinked slowly, his eyes dark with only a ring of blue around them. And he nodded against Technoblade, never once stopping his longing stare down at Tommy.

“Do I have any say in this?” Tommy asked, but he knew the answer already. “Oh, come on.”

Techno shifted, and gently set Tommy into the crook of Phil’s arms. Phil sucked in a breath and crooned so sweetly, drawing Tommy further into his hold. Tommy squirmed as it made his ears pop.

“Gentle,” Techno reached down and readjusted Phil’s arm so they didn’t dig into Tommy’s sides, “there you go. Can you hold him while I finish preenin’ you?”

Phil hummed, tucking Tommy under his chin, just like Techno moments prior. And he didn’t twitch as Techno moved around him, sitting behind him and getting full access to his wings. Tommy spare hand gripped Phil’s soft shirt, holding onto him tightly. He wasn’t going to let this fool *drop* him. He was so out of it, Tommy didn’t trust him at all.

What was Techno *doing*? Why was Phil acting so weird?

Tommy felt it when Techno ran his fingers through Phil’s feathers. Phil let out a sigh and sagged onto the couch, holding out a trembling wing for Techno to preen. Thankfully, his arms didn’t falter as they held Tommy close to his chest. Phil crooned sweetly, burying his nose into Tommy’s hair. His fingers rubbing Tommy’s back gently, right across the shoulder blades. Releasing the tension that Tommy didn’t know he had.

“Your wings are a mess,” Techno gruffly chuffed, and Phil sagged downwards enough for Tommy to peer over his shoulder at Technoblade. All that Tommy could see was Techno dragging his fingers through Phil’s feathers. Gently pulling on a few and removing the ones with broken shafts.

Techno didn’t notice Tommy staring at him, instead he paid intense focus on Phil’s bad wing. The feathers were burned and large patches of them were missing. And as Tommy watched,

Techno tugged on the broken and melted feathers, removing a handful of them. Leaving large patches behind. There were dots on the skin. Black barbs poking out, and only a few were large enough for Techno to touch.

“I can see a few coming back,” Techno rolled his fingers around the dark barb. A few didn’t release, but Tommy watched, opened mouth, as the the black waxy cap fell apart in Techno’s hands and a black feather unfurled. Phil shuddered and chirped next to Tommy’s ears. “It’ll be hell when your molt finally starts, but I think you can fly again when your primary feathers come back.”

Phil muttered under his breath but Tommy couldn’t catch a single word. It was a confusing mess of chirps and coos, and Tommy squirmed when it made his ears tingle. Tommy let out a whine, prying up one hand and waving it to Techno to save him from getting crushed.

“Almost done, runt.” Techno rumbled, and he paused just to hold Tommy’s free hand. Tommy could only wrap his hands around two of the fingers, covered in gold rings. Tommy clutched onto Techno, and squirmed again when Techno took it back. Techno nudged Phil to sit up straighter, giving Tommy some more space. But that also meant Techno was now out of sight, and Tommy pouted.

Phil’s fingers that had been kneading Tommy’s back rose up and began to run through Tommy’s hair. Pulling the long hair back and out of Tommy’s eyes. Tommy scowled as hard as he could up at Phil, who cooed happily. Tapping his forehead to Tommy’s. His nails scratched at his scalp, and Tommy flinched. And then he melted into Phil’s palms.

That felt really nice. Maybe drugged up Phil wasn’t too bad after all. But he was one clingy bastard.

There was a deep rumbling noise. And Tommy opened his eyes- when had he closed them?- and he saw Techno purring. “See?” Techno reached over and brushed a curl of hair out of Tommy’s face. “I got you Phil. I’m the protector. I’ll keep you both safe. I promise.”

(“If you wanted to be the hero, Theseus.” Techno’s voice roared over the sound of explosions, “then *die* like one.”)

The world suddenly shifted. And Tommy let out a squawk of surprise as Techno lifted Phil off the couch, Tommy still in Phil’s arms. Phil didn’t even seem to notice the sudden shift, and Techno barely grunted in effort. Holy fuck, Tommy always forgot how strong Techno is.

“Come on,” the world swayed with each step Techno took up the stairs, and into a familiar room. The same place that Techno had stolen Tommy from, hours prior. “Let’s get you in the nest.”

No! Tommy was sick of the nest. This was the *worst*. He squirmed, and Phil’s arms tightened around him. But there was a fancy new trick Tommy learned. His fingers thick and it took a lot more concentration than Tommy wanted to use, but he flicked up his middle finger. *Piss off*. Then Tommy stuck it in his mouth. Because he *could*. Assholes.

Techno snorted loudly, as he set Phil in the middle of the nest. Phil's wings folded over Tommy, and Techno tsked. "None of that, not again, Phil." Techno pulled the wing back to reveal Tommy. "I'm apart of your flock. You don't hide our kid from me." And Phil tucked the wing back slowly, letting Tommy stare at Techno. The piglin hybrid pulled out a thick warm blanket from the pile of soft sheets and blankets, and he draped it over the to of them. Making sure Tommy wasn't fully covered.

It wasn't that cold, and Tommy kicked at the fabric. But it was too thick to be tossed off so easily. Then another blanket was placed on top of them again, and Tommy angrily grumbled. Phil crooned, and ran his fingers through Tommy's hair again. Scratching gently at Tommy's scalp.

A third blanket was piled on them. And Tommy shot Technoblade the angriest glare he could muster. And Techno only snorted. Before settling down into the nest, the mattress dipping under his weight as he joined them. Phil crooned, and extended his wing out, covering the three of them. And Techno seemed to be pleased by this, letting out a deep rumble.

"You guys are weird," Tommy remarked, scrunching up his nose in distaste. "Can't you guys go back to fighting again."

Techno chuffed, his hand coming up and pulling on a lock of Tommy's hair gently. His clean blonde hair gleamed in the low light. "Gold runt," Techno muttered, "angry little gold runt. Don't worry, I won't let Phil hog you again."

Phil grumbled at that, but the noise silenced when Techno glanced at him. And he gave a huff, dragging Phil and Tommy closer with a tug of his arm. The two adults surrounding Tommy's tiny form.

It was warm and soft. And despite the fact that Tommy wanted to stay awake, the soft croons from Phil and the gentle low purr of Techno was soothing. Tommy closed his eyes, his stupid baby body dragging him to sleep. Kicking and screaming. He struggled to keep his eyes open. And the last thing he saw was Techno shifting slightly to pluck one of the rings from his fingers and setting it onto Tommy's chest.

These guys were fucking crazy.

Chapter End Notes

The next time somebody comments "where are you its been a month 🙄" I will absolutely wait another fucking month to post. Do not test me. I have done it. And I will do it again.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

 DARKSBI DISCLAIMER BRRUUHH

OTHER WARNINGS: non consensual drugs and forced feeding (if u squint?? Idk)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Something smelled horrible. Tommy wrinkled his nose, staring into the kitchen from where Phil was rustling and moving around.

Despite what Phil protested when they first brought Tommy home, they used fucking fence posts to keep him in the living room. They weren't thick poles that were easily crafted, Techno slimmed them down to make them easy to move. But there was a new wall that Tommy could not surpass.

Geez, he crawls into a cabinet *once* and they never forget it. At least it wasn't the pen. The whole living room was available to Tommy to scootch around to his hearts content. The couches were still pressed up against the walls from when Techno pounded Phil into the ground. The only thing that was left alone was Technoblade's chair, still sitting next to the blocked off fire place.

As if Tommy would *go* in the fireplace.

(Yes, yes he would.)

Tommy grabbed and threw all of the toys around, practicing his aim. It was improving. And he crawled around, getting *faster*. He was going to leave Phil and Technoblade in the dust one of these days. He was practicing his skills. Getting better. *Stronger*.

This baby body won't hold him down forever!

But it was fucking boring.

And Phil was making something in the kitchen that *stank*. Tommy peered through the slats, watching as Phil puttered around. What was he making? Tommy hoped it wasn't *food* because that shit smells nasty.

Thankfully, it wasn't just Tommy who was suffering. The door opened as Technoblade came inside after completing his chores and he visibly recoiled like he walked head first into a wall. Tommy giggled, and Techno glanced down at him with a wry look.

“Did you make that awful smell?” Techno put his hands on his hips, a teasing glint in his eyes. “You stinky baby.”

Tommy’s laugh turned into a scowl, and Techno huffed with laughter. “That’s what I thought,” and he raised his voice, “Phil what on Prime’s forsaken earth have you done?”

Phil squawked in the kitchen, “I haven’t done anything!”

“Uh huh, right. Then why is my nose asking me to break it?”

“It isn’t *that* bad, Technoblade,” Phil poked his head out from the kitchen.

“You underestimate my sense of smell,” Technoblade took his cape off and hung it by the door, stomping the snow off his boots. His daily ritual after coming in from outside. “But for real, what the hell have you been makin’?”

Phil fidgeted, glancing between Techno and Tommy. “Well, I know it’s silly. But I just, you know. Cleaning out the old ender chest. And I found this old recipe from a couple centuries ago I forgot about and, uh, yeah.”

Tommy instantly grew suspicious. What was Philza doing? He was acting very strange.

“An old recipe,” Techno quirked an eyebrow, “I don’t think smells like an old puddin’ recipe, Phil. What is it for?”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Phil didn’t meet Technoblade’s eyes.

“Are you making a bomb again?” Techno pinched the space between his eyebrows, “I thought we were over your explosion arc, Philza. This isn’t the Empire anymore.”

“No!” Phil waved Techno off, “no, no. I wouldn’t do that *here*. Not so close to Tommy. No I was,” he slumped, giving in, “I was making an old potion recipe.”

“What for?”

“So- there is this old formula I made way back when I was still running around Endlantis.” Phil glanced over at Tommy, “it’s a general nutrient potion for kids. It’s a simple thing, just to make sure they are healthy and maybe pushes some growth.”

Techno took that information in, and slowly folded his arms. “What’s in it?”

Phil looked like the kid whos hand was caught in a cookie jar.

“It’s safe.” Phil answered.

Techno’s eyes narrowed. “What’s in it?”

“It’s perfectly fine for a baby to have. It has been recommended to feed your kid when they’re only a month old.”

"What is in it?"

Phil rubbed the back of his neck and mumbled, "rotten flesh."

What the fuck? Tommy recoiled and gagged at the thought. It had been a minute since he met a zombie in a cave, but the skin falling off of the bones, slowly shedding it's body to turn into a skeleton.

And they wanted Tommy to... *eat that shit???*

Fuck. No.

"You want to feed the runt rotten flesh?" Techno eyebrows shot up in surprise. "You know how poisonous it is?"

Phil rolled his eyes, snatching an yellowed and old paper off the counter and held it up to Techno. "You're a potions expert, Techno. I know just as I do that this uses it in a safe manner."

Techno plucked the parchment and held it up to his face. His eyes squinted. The lack of glasses made him hold it closer. He let out a long thoughtful hum.

Seconds passed. And a chill went down Tommy's neck.

No.

"I mean," Techno waved a hand in the air, "it *looks* sound."

No no no.

"See? You can see the glowstone and mycelium nullify the bad effects. And then it'll just give the immune system a boost-"

"I'm a little iffy on this. I want to test this out before giving it to him." Techno hummed. "It looks good. But it is eons old."

Tommy's heart sank. And he let out a displeased shriek. Squirming away from the fucking bars.

"Tommy," Phil sighed, and he used his lanky long ass legs to step over the walls of Tommy's new prison. "Come here buddy, are you hungry?"

"No!" Tommy howled, "I will never eat your fucking food again!!" He crawled away. But he couldn't outrun Philza who only stepped twice and scooped him up.

From the kitchen, he heard Techno go, "it doesn't taste bad. I don't feel any side effects. Do you think we can add sugar?"

It hit Tommy that they wanted to fucking make him eat rotten flesh soup. *Him*. The literal toddler. He struggled in Phil's arms.

“Fuck you, fuck you both. I hate you. I hate all of you. I wish you’d leave me alone.” Tommy spat out, and his anger started to overwhelm his baby brain and he started to cry. “You’ll never get me to eat it! I’ll bite both of you. I’ll kill you. I’ll- I’ll-”

And then Tommy burst into uncontrollable tears.

He didn’t want the warm arms that cradled him close to their chest. The comforting hum and the calm words that tried to quiet Tommy. He didn’t want-

Any of this.

Tommy stared at the bowl of honey. It looked like honey, anyways. The golden thick sticky substance that was supposed to make him "healthy" but it was a *lie*. It was his enemy. His worst nightmare.

A grumpy baby had been set in the high chair. After feeling sorry for himself, Tommy refused to let Phil and Techno do their nefarious schemes against him. He was going to fight! He won’t let them shove that stupid shit down his throat. He was a powerful man who had *agency*, and they couldn’t make him eat it.

Phil held out a tiny spoon in his big hands, the golden honey dripping from the end. “Come on, Tommy. Here comes the elytra! Woosh!” And he tried to shove that fucking spoon in Tommy’s face.

Tommy turned his head away, making an angry noise but not opening his mouth. He wasn’t *hungry*. He crossed his arms, as much as he could with his stupid baby limbs. The second he opened his mouth Phil would put it in. And Tommy *refused*.

“Aww, come on buddy. Don’t you want to be healthy?” Phil crooned, and Tommy raised a hand to scratch at his ear. “It’s tasty, I promise! Very sweet and yummy. Just like those berries you had the other day.” And he pushed the spoon in Tommy’s face.

Tommy leaned as far away from it as he could. These fuckers couldn’t make him eat it. He won’t! He refuses!

“Techno,” Phil whined, “why isn’t he eating?” He moved the spoon to hover near Tommy’s lips. Tommy reached up and shoved it away.

“He might not be hungry.” Techno shrugged, “I mean, he’s never refused to eat before.”

“It’s lunch time though, Techno. This is his normal time to eat.” Phil was straight up pouting now. “Come on, Tommy, please? For your Dad? Just one little taste, kiddo.”

“He might not like it because it’s new.” Techno watched as Phil tried to hover the spoon near Tommy’s mouth. Waiting for the second to slip it in. Well, it was never going to happen. Tommy refused! He won’t do it.

After a few more minutes of Phil pleading, Techno sighed. “Okay, Phil. We should take a break. He isn’t biting. Let’s give him some regular food.”

Phil physically wilted. But he didn't protest, as Techno picked up the bowl of baby mush. He stirred it as he gave Tommy a calculating look. "You still like oatmeal, right Tommy?"

It was *okay*. It wasn't like, good. But Tommy couldn't really protest when he barely had enough food to eat before turning into a baby. It was hard to keep things when people just steal from him. One positive thing about this whole thing was that Tommy got fed for free. Techno nudged Phil out of the way, and he took his spot. Sitting in front of Tommy, and holding out a spoonful of oatmeal.

Tommy eyed it, but it looked normal. "Come on, runt. You need to eat." And, *incredibly* reluctantly, Tommy opened his mouth. The oatmeal *tasted* the same. There wasn't a hint of tingling magic in it.

It was just... normal oatmeal.

Okay. Fine. Tommy was cool with normal food. As long as it wasn't laced. Otherwise he'd spit it out instantly and vomit all over their fucking shoes or something. He'd do it. Don't test him.

Tommy was on edge. Waiting for the other shoe to drop. But Technoblade didn't seem bothered. Just simply grabbing a new spoonful and holding it out to Tommy. Phil was pouting in the corner. His feathers puffing up and rustling.

"So the turtles are doing good," Techno said, breaking the silence.

"Yeah?"

"Uh huh," Techno scooped another bite of oatmeal from the bowl, "they laid another clutch of eggs last night. We'll be swimming with turtles in a few weeks."

"That's good. I worried that they wouldn't survive in the cold. But the enclosure is warm enough for them." Phil said, "how are the dogs?"

"Oh they're doing okay." Techno gave Tommy another bite. "Still sniffing everything and lifting their legs on any tree within a mile around the house. You'd think they'd get the memo to calm down."

It was rhythmic. Techno scooped up a bite, and held it out to Tommy, and he swallowed. It was one, two, three, repeat. A dribble of oatmeal falling out of his mouth. But Techno didn't care, lifting up Tommy's bib and clean it off. Yuck.

It was strange to see Techno caring for Tommy. Before he wouldn't have been caught dead feeding Tommy anything. But now he was taking over, helping Phil feed and bathe him. Tommy's eyes wandered to look at Phil.

"And how is Steve?" Phil moved across the room. He held a pot in his hand, as he placed it in the sink. Cleaning up. Tommy watched him, opening his mouth as Techno deposited another mouthful of food in his mouth. He didn't have to chew, only swallow. It wasn't like Tommy had any teeth. That was a weird thought to have.

Tommy smacked his lips, they felt sticky with food. Phil began to run hot water in the sink.

“He’s doing good.” Techno said, “still huffin’ and puffin’.”

“I swear, you spoil that bear too much.”

A bear? Tommy swiveled his head to look at Technoblade, he had a bear- *oh fuck*. Tommy’s heart lurched, as he saw Techno holding out a spoonful of the honey. He snapped his mouth closed and turned his head away from it, letting out a protesting cry.

“Oh, don’t be like that,” Techno chuckled darkly, showing his white teeth as he leaned in, “Tommy you’ve eaten like five bites of it already. It isn’t *that* bad. What don’t you like about it? Huh? It looks weird?”

What?

“Oh! You got him to eat it?” Phil crossed the room with a excited bounce. His wings fluffing up behind him.

“Yeah, just had to slip it in between bites.” Techno purred, looking immensely pleased. He reached up and used the bib to wipe at Tommy’s face. Tommy tried to wiggle away, but he couldn’t move very much in the high chair. “He didn’t even notice.”

Tommy let out a protesting whine, leaning as far away from Techno and Phil as possible. He could feel it now. The faint tingling in his mouth. There was a slight after taste of sugar lingering on his tongue. “No, no, no!” Tommy whined, “you tricked me! Asshole! Bastard! I hate you!” His stomach was starting to churn.

“Awww,” Phil cooed, leaning up and pinching at Tommy’s cheeks. “It’s okay Tommy.” And he turned to Techno, “I think he didn’t like the look of it. That’s why he didn’t want to eat it. But it’s okay, Tommy. You already did the hard part. It’s all in your tummy!”

Phil pulled Tommy up from the high chair, propping him on his hip. Tommy whined and tried to push him away, but Phil was too strong. The avian hummed and slowly twirled around in the kitchen, “you’re my little son, aren’t you? Huh?” He raised Tommy up high, “you grumpy lil baby! Yes! Yes, you are! Look at that little pout.”

Tommy could feel the magic bubbling in his stomach. And he wiggled uncomfortably. It was starting to settle like a rock in his torso. And it was unsettling. He kicked his legs out, letting out another unhappy noise. Even if he threw up now, the magic was in him.

Fucking rotten flesh from a zombie. In his stomach. It made his tummy do flip flops.

He should’ve known it was impossible to prevent it. But he *tried*. That’s all he could do these days. It was fighting a losing battle. But Tommy still fought.

“I hate you,” Tommy said weakly, but there wasn’t any real heat behind it all. He was doomed from the very beginning.

“Phil, you don’t want to make him sick,” Techno set the bowls next to the sink, “we need to keep an eye on him for any symptoms.”

“Okay,” Phil lowered Tommy and set him on his hip again. Tommy’s hands curled into his robe, and he pressed his face into Phil’s chest.

He could feel it. The heat slowly starting to rise like a bad case of heart burn. And he didn’t like it. But there was something so comforting being held. “Is it nap time?” Phil asked him, his warm breath next to Tommy’s ear. “Hmm? Is it sleepy time?”

No, it was Tommy was being very depressed time. But it had been a long morning already. He had spent a lot of his energy throwing things around and crawling around on the floor.

“Put him to sleep in the living room,” Techno said, “I’ll keep an eye on him.”

“Okay,” Phil chirped, walking towards the gate that kept Tommy from the kitchen. “I’ll put him in the pen. Hey, I was thinking of heading over to the village and grabbing a few things that we’re out of. Not today, but we should put a list together. I might go next week.”

“Yeah, that sounds good,” Techno agreed, “we need more soap. We’re almost out.”

“Oh, yeah. I’ll write that down.”

How the hell can these two act so normal after drugging Tommy? After being so fucking weird? They can be all possessive and crazy one second, and the next act like roommates. The change made Tommy’s head spin. He knew that Phil and Technoblade had some strange relationship, but watching was baffling.

Phil put Tommy in the dratted pen, pulling a blanket over Tommy’s legs. “Take a good nap, Tommy! I’ll look for a couple of new toys for you. I bet you’re tired of blocks. How about a nice stuffed animal?” He brushed a lock of blonde hair out of Tommy’s eyes, giving Tommy a long look with a stupid smile. He sighed, a longing look in his eyes, and withdrew. Finally leaving Tommy alone.

There was a distant sound of water running and dishes clinking against each other, but it was quiet in this room. It didn’t take much to fall asleep, and despite the heavy hot feeling in his stomach, Tommy passed out.

That fucking rotten flesh honey was going to kill Tommy. He just knew it. Phil and Technoblade kept an eye on Tommy if he started to die or something. But they didn’t *feel* it sliding down their throats. They didn’t know how hot and heavy it sat in his stomach. They didn’t know of the heat that rose in Tommy’s chest. How it crawled up Tommy’s throat and neck, leaving his head fuzzy and his back aching.

They didn’t *know*.

And they kept feeding it to him.

Just a few bites after every meal. Or they'd slip it into Tommy's food when he wasn't looking. It was nearly impossible to prevent it. Techno had, at one point, held up a fork with a berry speared on the end of it and when Tommy leaned forwards to eat it, he switched it out lightning fast with the spoon of the shitty stuff.

Magic wasn't bad for kids. Tommy knew that, it was like, basic knowledge. Potions and shit worked on babies. Although parents had to be careful. Tommy still recalled one time Wilbur freaking out over Fundy's skinned knee at one point, panicking if he should give the kid a healing potion or not. It worked out in the end.

But Tommy was pretty sure that this shit was going to kill him. It made him feel hot, like he had just walked through a nether portal and appeared in a pool of lava. But neither Phil nor Techno noticed Tommy suddenly sweating through his clothes. They just nudged the fire to burn lower and called it good.

It didn't *hurt* otherwise the baby brain would have some choice words with the adults. Mostly crying. Okay, a *lot* of crying. But it was uncomfortable. Like a deep uneasy feeling that settled in his stomach. Heavy and hot.

It was only growing bigger with every dose Tommy ate.

Randomly Tommy would feel a spasm of pain across his shoulders. Every time it would send Tommy into a crying fit. Even with Techno's cloak to help, it took a long time for Phil to calm Tommy down. Even Technoblade holding him didn't magically solve the issue.

It felt like a head cold was starting to set in. His head was all fuzzy, and Tommy felt lethargic. Even more so than usual. Tommy felt dizzy one day. And fuck- he was so hungry. He started to cry when Phil said he ate all of his food. He wanted more. He reached a hand to the bowl. He was *starving* even though he just ate.

That probably concerned Phil enough, and he checked Tommy's temperature. Pressing a damp hand against Tommy's forehead. Tommy leaned into the touch. "Techno?" He called, "do you think he feels warm?"

The cool hand was replaced by another, and Tommy whined and pushed his head into Techno's palm. "A bit?" Techno said, uncertain. "I know I run a bit warm compared to humans, so I don't know."

"I should stay," Phil said, wringing his hands. "I know I was going to leave today, but it can wait."

"No," Techno waved Phil off, "you haven't left the cabin since you brought Tommy home. You need to get out. But just to be sure, why don't you pick up some medicine from the cleric? If anything, it would be wise to keep some on hand."

Phil looked torn, glancing between Techno and Tommy. "Only if you're sure."

"I'm sure," Technoblade firmly stated. "I got this handled, Phil. You've been lookin' forwards to this all week. Just go. I'll keep an eye on him and I'll shoot you a message if I

need you to come back.”

Tommy’s stomach twisted at the thought of Phil leaving. And he burst into tears.

Phil cooed and picked him up, holding him to his chest. Rocking him back and forth. Tommy cried and cried and this time, he didn't know why.

It started with a cough.

A slight itch in the back of Tommy’s nose, which slowly crept down the back of his throat. Tommy coughed, open mouthed, and from the corner of his eye he saw Techno set the book down. The itch didn’t stop with the first cough, so Tommy continued.

“Aw, kid.” Techno reached down and picked him up, cradling Tommy in his large arms. “You really aren’t feeling too good, aren’t you?” He brushed a stray lock from Tommy’s eyes, pressing his palm to feel Tommy’s forehead.

Tommy hadn’t been feeling good since they started to forcing that shitty potion down his throat a week ago. It made his head all foggy, the heat building up in his stomach leeching out to his limbs. Tommy mumbled something between coughs, staring angrily at Techno but there wasn’t any heat behind it.

He was just... so tired. He had just *slept*, and now he was exhausted. All of his energy had been sapped away.

“It’s a good thing I told Phil to bring some medicine.” Techno muttered, and Tommy huffed in his arms, “why don’t you try and get as much sleep as you can, Tommy. He’ll be home before you know it.”

Taking a nap sounded very good. But every time Tommy’s eyes fluttered shut, that tickle in the back of his throat forced him to heave.

It got worse. The mild itch turned into a red hot burning knife. Like a drop of lava had slowly trickled down the back of Tommy’s throat, and he began to cry. Soft little whimpers escaped his mouth between the coughs.

Techno rocked Tommy back and forth, his fingers running through Tommy’s hair. “It’s going to be okay, runt.” He rumbled, “I have you. Nothin’ can hurt you, okay? I’ll protect you. You just need to survive until Phil gets back. And he’ll have somethin’ to help you.”

It worked. Tommy was already so weak, that any remaining reserves of energy was quickly depleted by hacking. Techno was very good at settling Tommy’s emotions. And besides the last few hiccuping breaths, Tommy fell silent in his arms.

“There you go, Tommy.” Techno said gruffly, “it’ll be okay.”

Something... strange was happening. Tommy swallowed thickly. But it was like the back of his throat had swelled. It was puffy and tender, and it ached. He whined, but even that noise was *awful*.

Tommy was standing at the precipice. He could feel his muscles doing... *some weird shit*. He tried to swallow again, but he couldn't complete the action. Was his throat closing up? Some kind of allergic reaction? Fuck, was Tommy going to *die*? Suffocate? Unable to breathe when his neck swelled?

The tickle returned. And Tommy spluttered as his body instinctively tried to cough, but he *physically* couldn't.

Something broke. Slicing. Popping.

Tommy pushed against Techno's chest, wide eyed, as he stared up at Technoblade. Techno cupped his face, "are you feeling-?"

Blood trickled out of Tommy's nose, and his body twitched as it tried to reflexively expel the fluid that now ran freely down his throat. With a small, "*haah*," Tommy opened his mouth, and the thick liquid dripped from his mouth onto Techno's white shirt.

Techno took in a deep breath, staring down at Tommy with wide eyes. And the baby brain finally kicked into high gear. Tommy's own shocked expression crumbled, and he let out a horrible *screech*.

The room turned on its axis as Techno finally *moved*. Tommy had to close his eyes, everything hurt too much. If he thought his throat couldn't get any worse, he was wrong. Because that swelling part was gone, leaving what felt like a scraped out bloody chunk of his flesh exposed to every frantic breath he took.

Tommy was set down, and he let out another horrible bloody scream. His baby brain was just *freaking the fuck out*. His voice went high, higher than the normal screeches Tommy usually made. Sounding like a piercing whistle almost- and then Tommy shook as he drew in a shuddering breath and let out another yell.

"Shh, shh," Techno was there. Blotting out the ceiling. His pink hair looking frazzled as it fell in his face. "It's okay, shh, oh fuck what is happening- shit shit- it's okay Tommy. It's okay." Techno was repeating it, over and over, as if to reassure himself rather than Tommy.

It was certainly *not* okay.

Techno grabbed Tommy's jaw and opened it. Tommy squirmed, his hands flying up to grab at Techno's sausage fingers. "It's okay, I just need to see where it's bleeding." Tommy's mouth was a sticky mixture of blood and spit, and Techno prodded at his gums, "okay okay okay, shit. Not teething. What the hell? Okay."

Tommy let out another shrill scream. It was his *fucking throat*. Idiot!

Tommy had been sick plenty of times before. Wilbur had taken care of him several times, sitting next to him on the bed and pressing a cool hand against Tommy's forehead. Tommy had a scratchy throat that had once silenced him for a week. But this was *nothing* in comparison. It was like a knife had scraped away a hunk of his flesh, leaving a tight and burning noose around Tommy's neck.

There was a cool dribble of a healing potion in Tommy's mouth. Tommy knew it would only *help* but his brain was too frazzled and he couldn't think- all he could feel was the magic on his lips tingling and he tried to spit it out.

He didn't want any more! No more!

"Come on, runt," Techno, god Techno sounded so *worried*. "You can do it. Just swallow, for me."

Another spoonful was given to Tommy, and he tried to bat it away but his hands were gently grabbed and held down. The spoon clattered to the ground, and Techno's fingers stroked on Tommy's neck gently. "Come on, Tommy. Swallow it. Please, I don't know what to do. *I don't know what else to do*. Come on, runt."

Tommy swallowed it, along with the watery spit and blood mixture. And his throat convulsed as he forced the injured muscles to cooperate.

As soon the potion hit Tommy's neck, the tight strain eased.

The pain lessened. And Tommy didn't feel like he was dying anymore. But his baby brain didn't get the memo. He wailed. One breath after another, Tommy screamed mindlessly. Techno was holding him again, distantly he could hear Techno's shaking voice and soothing words. But they didn't work this time. It was just- *horrible*.

And then the air left his lungs. Tommy was mid breath, and his eyes fluttered open in shock. He *couldn't breathe*. His lungs froze. And there was a sharp, horrible, pinching pain in his back. His muscles contracting. Freezing up. Locking.

There was a brief moment of silence as Tommy couldn't cry. And then, just as Tommy's mind was racing over the fact that he *was going to die again by suffocation*, the stiff muscles slowly loosened. Tommy gasped, dragging in air. And he let out a whimper.

He felt something shift on his back. No... it was... *in* his back. Something was slipping around his *fucking spine*. *What the hell*.

Tommy was pressed up against Techno's chest. He felt a hand pressing against his lower back. Thank Prime it wasn't any higher or else it might hurt like the dickens. "Come on," Techno said under his breath, "come on, pick up." When Tommy blinked through the tears and finally peered up, he saw Techno holding his communicator next to his ear.

There was a ring from the room over. And Techno's face crumpled as he hissed, "fuckin' forgot his *damned communicator*."

A tiny, hysterical part of Tommy's brain just thought, '*oooh, Phil is going to get it.*'

Techno tossed his communicator onto the counter, bundling Tommy in his arms. "It's going to be okay," Techno whispered fervently, "I'll *make* it okay. Alright?"

Tommy wheezed, feeling like a limp doll. He didn't have any more energy. He rested his head against Techno's chest. And then another contraction hit him, and his breath stuttered as

his whole body seized. The *things* in Tommy's back slipped further out. Still stuck under his skin. But they wiggled slowly from whatever crevice they grew into.

When Tommy's breath returned to him, he let out a pained croak interspersed with a dozen hiccuping sobs. Techno patted his back, and *ow fuck that was horrible!* Tommy yowled almost like a cat when Techno hit the sore spot.

The next thing he knew, Techno was pulling the onesie down. Exposing the red hot skin across Tommy's shoulders. And Tommy whined from the loss of Techno's warmth. But it returned, as Techno prodded at his back, his fingers lightly assessing the damage.

It hurt.

And Tommy made sure Techno *fucking knew it.*

Tommy's head was buzzing, overstimulated and exhausted. And he was wildly contemplating biting Techno for some odd reason, when another contraction hit. *It hurt it hurt it hurt it hurt.*

"Holy shit, you're manifestin'." Technoblade said, his fingers touching lightly on Tommy's burning skin. Tommy couldn't imagine the sight of seeing something *move* under his skin. But Techno certainly watched. "Fuck, Tommy. This is only supposed to happen when you're a *pre-teen*, not a baby. But- shit, I guess you are one. Sort of? What the hell was in that witches potion?"

Why was Technoblade asking him of all people?

Wait... Tommy did know what was in the potion he accidentally got dunked into. The memory was fuzzy, but he recalled a ton of disgusting things like rotting meat and eyeballs and-

The body of white and black crow.

All of a sudden, Tommy knew what exactly was in his back.

Oh, fuck *no.*

Tommy however, didn't have a choice in the matter. He had maybe a minute before the next contraction hit. And *ow ow ow ow ow* it was like his guts were seizing up and freezing. Tommy's baby brain wailed, but all he could do was choke out a cry.

Just hearing it scared him. The noises Tommy made weren't *normal* either. They were... too high pitched. Too whistley. Like a bird was making them.

Holy shit Tommy was turning into a *bird.*

Something icy cold pressed up against Tommy's shoulder blades. And it shocked Tommy for a few seconds. Tommy blinked through the wet tears that ran down his cheeks, and Techno was holding an icepack against his back. "I know this won't help much," Techno said, and wow, Tommy had never seen him look so... frazzled. Technoblade's pink hair fell into his

eyes, like he had been running his hands through it. He was breathing hard, and his pupils were dilated, leaving only a thin ring of red around them.

“Bitch,” Tommy weakly croaked, and hated how inhuman it sounded. “I’m blaming you.”

“Okay, here is the game plan.” Techno said, more to himself than to Tommy. “I know we don’t have any numbing potions in stock. But we have the items to make one. You hang on tight, and I’ll throw one on the brewin’ stand. And then when Phil gets back I’m going to throttle his bird neck for leaving his fuckin’ communicator. Got it?”

Yep. Got it. Techno left the icepack on Tommy’s back. It was uncomfortable, but the burning was worse. And Tommy curled up on the table where Techno left him. He had two more contractions, they were getting worse and *longer*, before Techno was back. The icepack had melted a pool of cool water that slowly dripped down Tommy’s back.

It was nothing like the numbing potion that Techno cautiously dripped into his mouth. The blooming *nothingness* that formed. Releasing Tommy from the pain and the aches. His breath still seized. His body clenching up every few minutes. But now Tommy didn’t have to *feel* it.

It was as good time as any to mentally check the fuck out. Tommy closed his eyes, and just, wasn’t *there* anymore. He felt Techno pick him up and put him on- oh, the soft blanket on the floor. A dozen of fuzzy towels, aged with use, nearby. Techno keeping a steady hand against his back.

Technoblade said words. The meaning was lost. As the contractions grew closer and closer, until Tommy had to time his breathing out before he actually couldn’t suck in air anymore, Techno whispered in his ears. Running his fingers through Tommy’s hair. Wiping the sweat away from his back.

Something wet slid down Tommy’s shoulders. Like a the first trickle of a flood. A towel was pressed to it. Dabbing at the liquid. “Shhh, it’s okay.” Techno said, when Tommy’s sluggishly eyes opened. “Just close your eyes, it’s almost over. Okay? I promised you I’d make it better.”

Another trickle appeared, and Techno dabbed at it. Tommy couldn’t actually feel it. It was numb. But the pressure was still there. There was another contraction that stole Tommy’s lungs away. And there was a slick wet noise, and there was more wet on his back and-

Oh it was finally tearing out.

Tommy didn’t want to know. He buried his face in the blanket. He tried to ignore how the world seemed to be in focus again. He wanted to fade away, but now he couldn’t help but hear Techno’s soft reassurances or the slick noise as something tried to jerk it’s way out of his spine.

Well, this was rather traumatic. Zero out of ten would not recommend.

Is this how Tubbo felt when he manifested? Tommy had been kicked out of Tubbo’s house for a few days, Wilbur wouldn’t allow him in to see his friend. If so- he understood now. It

fucking *sucked*. Tommy wanted a damn refund.

There was a second ripping noise. And Tommy was painfully aware of the sound of his skin being shredded. Techno held a towel against his back, and after a second, traded it for a second one. There was a soft clink, and Technoblade said, “it’s done, Tommy. It’s all over. I got you,” and even through the numbing Tommy could still feel the tingle of magic being dabbed over his wounds.

The newly formed skin was stiff. And there was a weight attached to Tommy that hadn’t been there before. Curious to finally see what kind of shit he somehow magically made, Tommy peered over his shoulder.

They were ugly. There was so much blood and tissue still clinging to them. Like a membrane had only just broken from around them. But they were still horribly recognizable. Covered with red angry skin, with no feather in sight, were two wings.

“I’m never going to get a wife,” Tommy bemoaned, and let his head fall back onto the ground. “This is very unpog.”

Things faded a bit. Techno seemed almost relieved, but he kept poking at Tommy as if he magically sprouted horns next. But nothing else hurt. And so Techno gently cleaned off the new pink wings of blood and whatever nasty shit came out of Tommy.

Big hands picked Tommy off the ground, careful of his new limbs. And then Tommy was resting on Techno’s chest, and the big man chuffed softly. The motion jostling Tommy up and down. “You’re safe,” Techno said, “you were so brave, Tommy. My runt, my little one. You’re safe, now. I got you.”

It was actually kind of soothing. And Tommy was on the verge of passing out. Honestly, he was shocked he didn’t do it earlier. But then the door opened, and Phil, fucking asshole who didn’t read the room, shouted, “I’m back, mate!”

The grip on Tommy grew tighter, and there was a low growl. Techno clutched at Tommy, still gentle, but tightening his grip.

It was then that Tommy finally took in the rest of the room. The bloody towels still littering the ground. The potion of healing still uncorked. His bloody onesie. The new appendages that looked like they were slapped onto Tommy with no care- and Techno who looked fucking *feral* that Phil walked through the door.

It looked like a murder scene. Tommy had to admit it. The place was a mess. And judging by the panicked look in Phil’s eyes, he saw it too. The bags full of groceries hit the ground.

Technoblade tucked Tommy further into his grip, still so gentle and careful, and the low growl grew louder.

Oh, Phil was going to get it now.

“I’m going to fucking *kill* you, Philza Minecraft,” Techno snarled.

Chapter End Notes

Tldr: Phil found an old recipe from endlantis for baby nutrient potion and Tommy doesnt want to eat it because he finds out that its made from rotten flesh from zombies, a undead mob.

Tommy is tricked into eating it by Techno and the adults continue to feed even as it makes Tommy feel sick and lethargic.

Phil leaves to go to a village and pick up some stuff and during it Tommy is thrown into his manifestation. Techno panics when Tommy starts coughing up blood and Tommy screams too high pitch. Techno figures out Tommy is manifesting, which only pre-teens should go through.

Tommy feels contractions as his wings unfurl from around his spine. And Techno gets him a numbing potion and then Tommys wings pop out. His back is healed by a potion and just as its over Phil comes back home.

Yall knew this was going to happen. Lol. Was this really a suprise? Let me know.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy was out of it for a few days afterwards. He wasn't surprised. Tubbo had been groggy for a week after his manifestation. The difference this time was the fact that Tommy was a literal baby and his body just grew two new limbs.

It was a haze of sleep filled memories. Occasionally he was disturbed enough to eat whatever mush they shoved in face, and once, he was given a bath. Tommy used this time wisely to give the two adults the deadliest glare he could. And then he passed out again shortly afterwards.

Something tapped on the window. Tommy opened his eyes, groggy, but feeling more alive than he had in what felt like a *week*. He was in his crib, laying on his stomach. But the sight of the living room threw him off. His crib was pushed up against the wall, and it was jarring not to wake up in Phil's room.

Tap tap tap. The noise drew Tommy's unsteady gaze. Huh. Was he still asleep or something? Because out of all the things he expected to see, the dozens of crows peering through every window to stare at him was literally the last thing he anticipated.

The second they saw him looking at them, they grew louder. A few tapping at the window while there was a flutter of wings and a chorus of caws. Even though it was outside, the sound was loud.

"Oh, be quiet." There was a rustle of footsteps, and Phil appeared. He looked haggard. His clothes were disheveled and his feathers were in disarray. He waved his hands at the crows, and most of them took to the air. "If you don't leave him alone I swear I won't let you name any new mobs for the next six months."

That made the rest disperse. Only one or two birds remained, silently sitting on the windowsill. Eyeing Phil up with judgemental looks. Phil returned the look, and then firmly drew the curtains closed. He turned, and then met Tommy's eyes.

Wow, Phil looked *wrecked*.

But even looking like a miserable mess, he lit up with a smile. "Hey Tommy!" Phil said softly, coming closer but he didn't reach out to pick Tommy up. "Are you feeling any better? You've been sleeping for a couple of days now, bud."

No shit. Tommy rubbed his hands into his eyes to wipe the grogginess away. The motion made Tommy aware of the new weight on his back. He looked over his shoulder and- yep. They were still there. They were about the size of a grown man's hand. The odd thing was that there looked to be two sock-like things on them. The fabric sewn up with tiny little stitches, made to fit Tommy's wings.

Tommy didn't like it. It felt. Weird. Like if Tommy was a cat and somebody brushed their hand the wrong way up his back. He could spy little wisps of fluff growing from the still bright pink skin just underneath the socks, and he *did not like it*.

Tommy turned his gaze and gave Phil a flat look. The man was crouching by the crib, looking at Tommy with a curious tilt of his head.

"What are you looking at, you ugly fuck," Tommy mumbled, his words garbled and still obnoxiously gibberish.

Phil tilted his head further to the side and opened his mouth. A soft breathy noise filled the air. And Phil watched, intently, pressing closer. He wasn't reaching out to pick Tommy up. But it was like Phil was pinning Tommy down with his gaze.

Tommy glanced around, waiting for the other shoe to drop. "Is that supposed to do anything?" Tommy asked, and Phil crooned again. A little bit louder. But nothing happened.

Logically Tommy knew that he should be feeling some sort of... instincts? Tubbo picked up a lot of new traits when he manifested, including the habit of chewing on grass for some odd reason. But there wasn't anything like that. Phil was just making a bird noise. And it didn't affect Tommy in the slightest.

Phil kept it up. Slowly warbling and watching Tommy's face for a hint of... something. Tommy didn't know what. And after a few minutes, Tommy got fucking bored.

"Are you going to do this all the time or can I leave?" Tommy gripped the bars of the crib, pulling himself onto his knees. He'd try and stand up, but his legs were too weak. "Free me from this prison, Philza Minecraft, or so help me." And for emphasis, he waved his arms up in the universal, 'pick me up' move.

Phil let out a disappointed sigh, "sorry Tommy," he rose from his crouch, "I can't let you out. Techno would have my head if I did that." And he rubbed at his neck, wincing from the faint bruises that painted the skin there. "You gave him such a fright he lost control for a bit there."

Tommy didn't get to see them fight again? Damn it he was missing everything these days.

Well, if Tommy couldn't get out then he was getting these socks off his wings. He wiggled in discomfort as he reached a hand behind his back and tried to catch the fabric. Phil didn't notice until Tommy had one nearly off.

"Tommy, don't-" he let out a hiss, reaching down and then jerking his hands back. "Leave those on, Tommy, your wings need to stay warm." Tommy didn't listen, of course he wouldn't, the relief of feeling cool air on his wings was *amazing*.

Tommy finally got a good look at his wing too. They weren't pink and naked like before, now they were pink and slightly fuzzy. The wisps of black and white fluff poked out of his skin. They still looked bare, and they were still ugly as hell, but the fuzz definitely added something to them.

He started to reach for his other wing, pulling at the fabric and wiggling so it slid off, and Phil hissed again. Tommy glared up at him, challenging him. If Phil had such a big problem, why wasn't he doing anything, huh? Yeah, that's what Tommy thought. Phil pulled his hands back from touching Tommy at the last second, a conflicted look on his face.

"Pussy," Tommy said, tugging the sock off the way.

The front door opened, and there was the familiar sound of stomping boots. "Phil, your birds are gettin' real annoyin'." Technoblade called out, and Tommy could hear the distant sound of fluttering wings and chirps from outside. And then the door closed, and they were gone again.

"Techno," Phil whined, his wings fluttering out behind him nervously, "he is taking off the mittens."

Techno appeared around the corner, glancing down at Tommy who petulantly threw the stupid 'mitten' away. It was a *sock*, despite what Philza Minecraft said. And Tommy didn't like wearing it. He will die on this hill. Then Technoblade eyed Phil up with a cool look, "you didn't touch him?"

Phil wrung his hands, "no."

Techno let out a pleased hum, "good." And then he turned to Tommy, reaching down and plucking Tommy out of the crib, "you need to keep these on, runt. Even in the house. It's too cold for your wings until you get your downy in."

Tommy felt Techno try and slip one back on and he squirmed in his arms. Pushing his palms into Techno's arms with all of his strength. The sock made it halfway before Tommy kicked at his baby brain and let it loose.

Baby brain was unhappy about this too. And shortly, Tommy opened his mouth and wailed. His voice sounded different, and it almost made Tommy pause mid-screach. Tommy was used to hitting the high notes, due to his whiney and childish voice. But this took it to a new level. Tommy was a fucking *soprano*. He hit the high notes and then *went even higher*.

"Technoblade!" Phil half hissed half snarled. His hands were extended, and it was through sheer will he stopped himself from yoining Tommy from Techno's hands. Tommy sucked in another breath, and then screamed again.

Phil couldn't stop himself. He snatched Tommy, his wings rising up and surrounding them both. There was a low rattle next to Tommy's ear, where his head was pressed up against Phil's chest. The sock fell off. And the baby brain was appeased. And after a few seconds, it petered out. And Phil's wings descended.

"Sorry," Phil said, and his hands shook. "Sorry, I couldn't stop it." And he set Tommy back in the crib, and backed away, running his hands through his hair.

"Huh," Technoblade didn't seem *too* upset. He was looking down at Tommy with a calculating look.

“You should fight again,” Tommy said seriously. “I need entertainment.”

“I have to say, I didn’t expect that.” Techno said, “he got your bird vocal chords.”

“Yeah,” Phil dryly laughed, “yeah, that could be a problem. I don’t think I can control myself around him.”

“It’s a good thing I’m here then,” Techno said. “I’ll keep an eye on both of you. It shocked both of us. So I won’t hold your slip up against you, this time.”

Tommy asked, “again, can you two fight? I desire bloodshed.” But the adults ignored him.

“Why don’t you step outside to cool off,” Techno said, “and I’ll get the warmers back on him.”

Phil nodded, “that’s probably for the best.”

“Take my cape.” Techno said, and as Phil approached the front door, he returned to stare down at Tommy. “Alright, Tommy. You can either do this the easy way, or the hard way.”

“I’ll take you down, bitch.” Tommy replied, and Techno scooped Tommy up just as Phil shut the door behind him. “Wait, wait, put that down. Put that down, Technoblade!” Tommy wiggled and strained but Techno kept one hand against his back, in between his wings.

Tommy looked over his shoulder as Techno grabbed a sock and brought it closer... and closer! “No!” Tommy shrieked, and then his wings, his own fucking wings the evil bastards, rose up and bapped him on the nose.

There was a second long pause. And then the pain hit. Tommy melted into tears.

Technoblade was officially on Tommy’s shit list. Hell, he was on the baby brains shit list. Techno manhandled Tommy, pushed him around, made him wear the stupid *socks* on his wings, even making it so Tommy couldn’t tear them off, he forced that awful potion down Tommy’s throat- there was a whole *list* at this point.

Philza Minecraft wouldn’t treat him this way. Philza Minecraft would treat Tommy like a *king*. Philza Minecraft was definitely Tommy’s new favorite.

Philza Minecraft was also a coward who wouldn’t go anywhere near Tommy. Which Tommy will fix here shortly. He knows the power of his cute looks now. And he will force Philza to pick him up. No matter what!

Techno held out a spoon full of mush. And Tommy simply refused to play this game. He knows how this worked. The second he looks away or gets distracted, Technoblade would feed him *drugs*. Tommy already suffered once from it. He wasn’t going through the agony of a manifestation again.

“Come on, Tommy,” Techno said softly, wiggling the spoon back and forth, “I know you’re hungry. Don’t you want a bite?”

Tommy might be hungry but he has dignity in his bones. Even the baby brain was cautious. Techno could have laced this batch of applesauce. Tommy wouldn't play along with this game anymore. He was tired and he didn't feel good plus he had *wings* now.

Minutes passed slowly. And Tommy watched as Techno's patience slowly fizzled away. He tried everything. Techno snapped his fingers to distract Tommy from the spoon as it inched closer. But Tommy wasn't fooled. Every time, Tommy would turn his head away.

Finally, Techno replaced the spoon in the bowl of applesauce with a sigh, giving Tommy a flat look. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but I miss the older Tommy."

Oh? Techno had Tommy's full attention.

"What makes you say that?" Phil said from the other room.

"He'd at least understand me when I threaten him." Techno grunted, eyeing Tommy with irritation.

Huh wow that window over there looks very interesting. Tommy is a baby. He clearly cannot understand this "Technoblade" fellow. Who is this weird ass pink haired man in front of him? Tommy didn't know. He was a baby. Babies know nothing.

Phil laughed, "not having any luck, huh?"

"I don't understand why," Technoblade said with a huff, "he's just not eating. If he were older I would pin him down and *make* him eat. But I can't do that to a baby. They're just so... breakable."

Phil snorted, and he padded into the room on his bare feet. "Why don't you take a second and cool off. Maybe I can take a shot at it."

Techno narrowed his eyes, "oh?"

Fight, fight, fight, fight-

Phil rolled his eyes, "okay. Listen, I know you're all about being a 'provider' and yes, I messed up by leaving my communicator at home. But you are doing the exact same thing I was before. This is a partnership, Technoblade. I need to help as well."

"Are you challengin' me?" Techno's nose flared at the thought.

Yes, yes, yes, yes-

"No," Phil sighed, "I'm thinking about Tommy. How could you protect him if you're exhausted by taking care of him? I'll follow your lead, alright mate?"

The idea that Techno couldn't protect Tommy actually made the piglin hybrid shudder slightly. That shocked Tommy. "Fine," his voice was low, "try and feed him. Do not take him out of his chair. I'll be back after checking up on the dogs."

“Sounds great, mate.” Phil said.

Tommy waited until Technoblade left, the door slamming shut behind him, before waving his arms at Philza. Phil laughed, before reaching down and tapping on Tommy’s nose. “You,” he said, “are too smart for your own good, Tommy. Waiting until Techno leaves before begging me to leave. You are going to try and play us against each other, aren’t you?”

Ahaha! Tommy has been doing that *the entire time*. Phil is a fool for only realizing it now.

“Okay, mate.” Phil grabbed the bowl, stirring the contents slightly, “don’t you want some applesauce? It’s fresh.”

Hell yeah Tommy wanted some applesauce! His stomach rumbled slightly, and Tommy didn’t hesitate to open his mouth for Phil. Kicking his legs out excitedly. Ohoho! It was very good. “You,” Phil laughed, “are such a little twerp, aren’t you, Tommy.”

They got through about half of the bowl before Techno came back inside. The second Tommy heard his stomping boots, he clammed up tighter than a shellfish. He wasn’t going to eat if Techno-fucking-blade was in the same room as him.

The man could, like, magically make Tommy eat drugs while across the room or something. Tommy wouldn’t put it past him.

“Aw, you don’t want any more?” Phil crooned, leaning forwards with that goofy smile on his face. “That was barely a bite, mate. Try and get some more.”

Tommy’s face screwed up and he turned his nose up at the next bite. Even though his mouth watered at it. “Did he eat?” Techno asked as he walked in. His eyes scan the room before falling onto Tommy.

“He was, but he stopped again.” Phil pushed the spoon against Tommy’s lips, and Tommy threw up a hand and batted it away. “He was gulping it down like he was starving but now he refused it again.”

“Huh.” Techno leaned over, and poked at Tommy’s wings.

“Could it be a bird thing?” Techno eyed Tommy up and down, and Tommy scowled at him. No, it was a grudge thing. Tommy and the baby brain had different reasons why they didn’t like Techno. For Tommy, it was because Techno forced that shitty nutrient potion down his throat. For the baby, it thought that Techno purposefully left Tommy to suffer as he manifested. Plus the stupid wing socks that were tightly bound to his back.

“Mate, we went over this. He’s just an avian. Until his instincts form, he’s just a baby with wings.” Phil gave Techno a fond look, “he’s just being a little twerp right now.”

Techno let out a low snort, and his hand moved to ruffle Tommy’s long hair. His fingers gently pulled at the strands until they were smooth. “How long does it take for them to form? I don’t want to be caught off guard again.” Tommy tried to bat at Techno’s hand, but the piglin hybrid simply caught his first and held it. His thumb softly rubbing at Tommy’s hand.

“No idea.” Phil shook his head, “I have never seen a baby manifest this young before. It could be in a couple of months, like it normally would happen. Or it could be when he *is* a pre-teen, in a decade or so.” Techno gave an unhappy hum.

Tommy was tired of Techno, the most evil inhumane man in the world, touching him. He gave Phil a watery look, holding his one free hand to him in a silent plea. Techno’s grip on his hand slightly tightened, but before he did anything else there was a muffled loud bang outside. Making all three occupants in the room jump.

“What was that?” Phil asked quietly, a quick hand reaching over to the table and picking up a knife. A dangerous narrowed look in his eyes.

“I don’t know.” Technoblade said, pulling his giant war axe from his inventory, and *holy fuck* Tommy had forgotten how huge it was. It was literally bigger than Tommy was. Techno crept towards the front door, axe in hand, while Phil stayed close to Tommy. A wing poised high above Tommy’s head.

After spending what felt like months with Phil and Techno in domestic bliss, Tommy had nearly forgotten how *terrifying* they were when they were ready to kick some ass. Techno disappeared from Tommy’s view.

The door creaked open. And there was a long tense moment. Before there was a long suffering sigh from Technoblade. “Phil, your damned crows knocked over my stuff.”

Phil relaxed from his stance, flipping the knife in his hand and setting it down on the table. “I’m sorry mate, I don’t know why they’re being little shits. They’re acting up again. They’re losing so many privileges for this.”

“I’m going to go clean it up,” Techno grumbled, “I just harvested these potatoes.” And the door shut again, leaving just Tommy and Phil alone.

Phil gave Tommy a fond look, “learn from my mistakes, Tommy. Don’t befriend a murder. Especially Chat, they’re clingy, demanding, and very annoying.” And then he sat down again, picking up the bowl of applesauce. “Now, where were we? Are you going to eat this again?”

Tommy’s stomach growled, and he silently dared Phil to say anything. But the man just laughed, and held up a spoon. Tommy let him scoop it into his mouth, applesauce escaping the corners of his mouth and sliding down his chin. The bib caught most of the mess.

The bowl was nearly empty when Technoblade came back inside, a mutter of curses under his breath. There were a dozen muffled bangs, and Techno’s curses grew louder. “Phil, they’re trying to get inside.”

Phil looked both resigned and disappointed. “I’ll give them a talking to. I’m sorry, mate. They should chill after I threaten them with Kristin.”

Who?

Techno walked in, a bit more deshelled than before. And Tommy clammed up, refusing the last few bites of food. Letting out an unhappy whine. Phil narrowed his eyes down at Tommy. “Why-?”

“What?”

Tommy could see the gears turning in Phil’s head. “Hey Techno, could you step into the living room for a minute?”

Technoblade sighed, but did it. Leaving Tommy’s sight. Phil held up the spoon again. Tommy’s eyes didn’t leave the doorway, but he did allow Phil to feed him. Smacking his lips as the applesauce felt sticky. “Now come in?”

Techno appeared, and Tommy leaned away from the next spoonful. “What?”

“Just step back into the living room again.”

“Phil, you better explain why you’re doin’ this,” Techno complained, but disappeared again. And Tommy accepted the food.

“Huh,” Phil said, befuddled. “Okay you can come in now. I don’t know why, but Tommy refuses to eat if you’re in the room.”

Hell yeah, bitch. Tommy is on *strike*.

Techno looked as confused as Phil did. “*Heh?* But I’m the favorite? He likes me? Why-?”

Tommy, just to prove the point, waved his arms up at Phil. Turning his back to Technoblade, and pointedly ignoring him.

“Actually, mate.” Phil said, hiding a smile behind his hand, “I think you *were* the favorite.”

Chapter End Notes

Chat chanting outside: show us sonboy show us sonboy show us sonboy show us-

Phil: no

Chat: [angry gasp]

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy was getting really good at throwing shit. His arms were still a bit unwieldy, but he could grab things like a pro and chuck them across the room. Of course, this could mean only one thing. Shenanigans.

And his first target?

The one, the only, the worst possible piece of shit that gave Tommy fucking *bird wings*. Technoblade.

Tommy grabbed the rattle and tossed it up high. It flew over the cursed baby pen, and onto the floor with a thump. Tommy looked at it. And then peered up angrily at Technoblade.

“What?” Techno said, catching the look. He was sitting on his shitty chair. The fucker didn’t look traumatized as Tommy felt like he should. He should be on his knees, begging for Tommy’s affection. Instead, he was just calm and collected as usual.

It was *Technoblade* who fed him that shitty potion. And Technoblade is going to be the one to suffer.

Tommy poked the baby brain, and he sucked in a single breath. And began to wail, holding his hands out to try and grab the rattle that was simply too far for him to grab.

There was a sigh. And Technoblade closed the book and the chair under him squealed as the springs were granted mercy as he stood up. “Here you go,” Techno leaned forward, grabbing the rattle, and then tossing it back into the pen.

The crying stopped, and Tommy picked the rattle up and threw it at Technoblade. It still didn’t make it. And just like that, it was out of reach again! Oh no. Whatever shall Tommy do?

Poke the baby brain.

A wail began to rise up again. And Tommy’s new vocal chords meant he could hit newer, and higher, pitches.

“Seriously?” Technoblade looked irritated, closing his book once more. “You threw it. That means you’re not goin’ to have it.”

“Fuck youuuu!” Tommy screamed as high as he could. And holy shit, he just saw Techno’s ears twitch from the ear splitting sound.

“Prime,” Techno leaned down and picked up the rattle, “just *stop* .”

No! Tommy felt tears welling up in his eyes, and Techno dropped the rattle back into the pen. Tommy picked it up, and stared up at Technoblade who was much closer and within range. He threw it with all his might!

It bounced off of Technoblade's chest and onto the floor. Out of reach.

"Don't you-"

Tommy *screeched*.

Hands shot down and grabbed Tommy, lifting him up from the soft pen and into Techno's arms. That was *not* what Tommy wanted. He wanted vengeance. He wanted the *fucking rattle*. He didn't stop screaming. This time, no baby brain was forcing him to cry. This was one hundred percent Tommy Innit. And no amount of Techno's comforting scent would make the world a better place.

"Come on," Techno muttered under his breath, bouncing Tommy up and down. "Remind me why I think you're cute again?"

Tommy grabbed onto Techno's shirt with both hands and threw his head back and yowled as loud and as hard as he could. Techno's hand had to slide up and support Tommy's back as he tried to kick and squirm in his arms. His wings flapping behind him wildly as Tommy moved them awkwardly.

"Fine!" Techno shifted and suddenly the rattle was back in Tommy's vision. Big fingers shook it enticingly. "See? Here is your toy."

Tommy wasn't satisfied. Not in the slightest. He sniffed petulantly, uncurling one hand that had clutched Technoblade close, and grabbed Techno's fingers instead of the rattle. Tugging it closer.

"No, that isn't your rattle," Techno said, but moved his hand closer without fighting it. *Good*. Tommy wasn't ready to end this particular fight. He could feel the tear tracks still sticky to his face, the snot still leaking from his nose, and a headache beginning to form from the sudden crying.

Tommy leaned forwards and *bit* Technoblade.

At least, he tried to.

He didn't have any teeth, but his gums were hard as fuck! Tommy had a fucking mouth full of spit. And he was going to use it as a weapon. He knew what to use in war. And it was his spite and anger that carried him. He was *gross* and he knew it.

"Tommy," Technoblade sighed, and tried to pull his hand away. Tommy kept a firm grip on Techno's fingers, holding it in place as he desperately tried to gnaw at him. If Tommy could at least *bruise* Techno that would be lovely. "What are you *doin'*?"

Wasn't it obvious? Tommy was *attacking*. A thick dollop of saliva fell from his mouth, and slid down the side of Techno's hand. Techno's face creased in disgust. But he shifted, holding

Tommy at a new angle. "Are you teething, kid? Is that what this is?"

And much to Tommy's horror, Technoblade moved his hand so he could stick a finger *in Tommy's mouth*. What the hell?? Tommy tried to give a angry shriek of defiance, but it was muffled as Techno poked and prodded at the gums. "I don't feel anything coming up," Technoblade muttered, "but you could still be feeling it. Do you want an ice cube to suck on? Is that why you're being a brat?"

No!! Tommy wanted *blood*.

Tommy batted at Techno's hand until it was removed from his mouth. *Finally*. Who knew where Techno's fingers had been. He could've had them in the dirt, for all that Tommy knew. Fucking nasty! Tommy used his fists to beat at Techno's chest, trying to push himself away from Techno to get away from him as far as he could. Letting out a long keening noise that Tommy had never used before, sticking out his bottom lip and giving Technoblade a betrayed look.

Technoblade twitched at the noise, and Tommy saw his pupils expand and contract.

There was a crashing noise, as the rattle that sat in the crook of Technoblade's arm fell to the ground with a clatter. Technoblade looked down at Tommy with a resigned look. Tommy looked up at Technoblade with glee.

"Please-"

Tommy screamed again.

"This has to be a bird thing," Techno dropped an item on the table loudly.

Phil was swaying back and forth, Tommy resting his head on his shoulder. He was fucking exhausted. It had been a long day. For both of them. Tommy peered at Techno's frustrated form from over his shoulder. He was so sleepy but spite kept him awake.

"Hm," Phil hummed, "I don't think so mate."

"Of course it is. He manifests and suddenly you're the favorite?" Techno waved a hand at Phil accusingly. "He was fine with me before this and now he acts like a gremlin."

"I didn't know you took it so personally, Techno." Phil hid a smile in Tommy's freshly bathed hair. "He seems fairly calm right now."

"He's drivin' me up the wall, Phil." Techno ran a hand down his face. "He keeps cryin' at everythin' I *do*."

"Aww it can't be that bad," Phil tilted his head to peer down at Tommy with a goofy smile.

Fool.

It has been a terrible day for Techno. Tommy has put more effort into throwing shit and crying than he has in his entire baby life.

When Techno tried to bathe him, Tommy did his fucking best to splash every ounce of water out of the sink just to spite him. Creating a pool on the kitchen floor.

When Techno tried to feed him, his favorite applesauce, Tommy let him. And then spat it out onto his newly cleaned clothes.

Any time Techno put him down Tommy screamed to be up. Anytime he was up, he wanted to go *down*.

All Tommy wanted was to annoy the hell out of Techno and it worked. Techno never hurt him. Never yelled. Didn't do any scary shit. He just grumbled angrily to himself and clean the messes up.

(If Tommy had been older... it might have been a different story. But the baby façade saved him.)

Phil finally had to rescue Techno from Tommy. And it was clearly affecting Techno in a negative way.

Good.

"He's been the absolute *worst*, Phil." Techno dragged a hand down his face again and then grimaced as he finally noticed the sticky mess Tommy and left in his hair. Fuck yeah hidden applesauce.

"He might be grumpy." Phil shrugged, tapping Tommy's back between his sock-covered wings. "Maybe his wings itch."

They did, fucker. Tommy was going to burn the socks as soon as he could. The second their backs were turned he was going to use his expert aim and toss them into the fireplace.

Tommy leaned into Phil's hand with a sleepy smug smile. Serves him right. Techno caught it.

"He's doin' it on purpose Phil!" Techno pointed, "look at that lil brat. He's gloatin'!"

"Techno he just had a traumatic event happen. I can't imagine what it would feel like to manifest so young. He's *adjusting*. You can't hold it against him, isn't that right Tommy?" Phil leaned down to peer at Tommy, and an idea came to him. A spiteful, terrible idea.

He opened his mouth and made a breathy humming noise. The same thing Phil made when crooning at him. At least Tommy tried to copy it. But it wasn't the best. And it was garbled and nothing like Phil's real noise. But it was close enough.

Phil's eyes went dark. Tommy watched, only a few inches away, as the pupils expanded. Leaving only a thin ring of vibrant blue. His face lit up. An exuberant smile beaming.

"Techno," Phil gasped out excitedly. "Did you hear that??"

"Yep." Techno replied, tone flat. His arms crossed.

"He's trying to mimic me, Techno." Phil ignored Techno's disinterest. "He's learning!"

"Yep."

"Can you say Dad?" Phil wiggled a few fingers at Tommy, "hm? Can you say Dad? Come on, I think you can, Tommy." His voice was light and bouncing with excitement.

"He doesn't have any teeth, Phil." Techno cut in.

"I can call you names if that's what you want," Tommy smiled maliciously, exposing his gums.

Phil sighed, "I know that. I can't wait until he says his first word."

"Knowin' Tommy," Techno tilted his head thoughtfully "it'll be 'fuck.'"

Phil cupped Tommy's head and pulled it against his shoulder protectively. "Do not swear in front of him, Technoblade."

"What?" Techno shrugged, "I wouldn't be surprised if he said it. Knowin' the brat."

"He doesn't know swear words this time." Phil scolded. "And he won't until he's much older."

They were ignoring him now. Tommy's bottom lip wobbled. And he sniffled, pulling at Phil's shirt.

"Aww, what's wrong Tommy?" Phil was looking down at him. Good. Fucking great. Tommy was the biggest fucking man ever and being ignored was illegal.

Tommy pressed his face into Phil's shoulder and he felt a hand rub at his back gently. "Aww, are you tired? Do you want to take a nap?"

"I can put him down," Techno quickly offered. "You're busy. And I know he settles quickly with me."

Uh, *no*. Absolutely not. Tommy might be on the verge of a nap but Techno wouldn't get any sleepy time cuddles from *him*. Fuck you.

Tommy wiggled harder into Phil's arms. Purposefully turning its back to Techno. Digging his fingers into Phil's clothes tightly. He ain't letting Techno touch him. This is a fucking bird only house now and Techno is banished.

He had spent all day throwing a tantrum and now he just wanted a fucking nap. Get loss pig boy.

"I think he's settling with me just fine, mate." Phil spoke softly. "Besides I wasn't that busy."

"But Phil-"

"I don't want him to cry himself awake and not sleep. A cranky baby is not what we need tonight." Phil was living already. Heading towards Tommy's crib.

There was an angry huff and snort. But Techno didn't say a word. The floorboards creaked as he moved away. A few moments later, the front door slammed shut.

"Shhh," Phil whispered as Tommy jolted from the sound. "Just go back to sleep. Ignore the angry piglin, Tommy. He's upset he can't provide for you. Silly man. Shhhh." He set Tommy down into the crib. The soft fabrics were comfortable as Tommy sank into them.

"Just sleep, kiddo. We got you." Phil muttered and Tommy let himself pass out.

Phil left the room. Tommy let out an ear splitting screech. Tilting his head back and holding the bars of the fucking pen in his hands.

Phil popped back into view. And the screech died, and Tommy spoke, "you torture me, I torture you." And he made grabby hands at Phil.

"You," Phil laughed softly, "little punk." And then he rounded the corner again, leaving Tommy alone. Again. With fucking Technoblade.

Tommy screamed.

"Phil," Technoblade called out with an air of annoyance, "will you quit playin' with him?"

"Aww," Phil poked his head back, a goofy smile on his face. Tommy quieted down again. "But it's so fun, mate."

"You don't have sensitive ears, old man." Techno glanced up from his book. The tiny glasses perched on the edge of his nose. "You lost most of it durin' your stint in the empire."

Phil snorted, walking back into the room. Tommy's arms waved, and the man leaned down and picked him up. Fuck yeah. Tommy's fists curled into Phil's robe, the material soft and silky.

"I did not."

"You blew up six countries." Techno dryly replied, "you were bomb happy."

Phil let out a unsure sound, "I wasn't the one who tried to claim the whole world as your territory. Plus, I'm pretty sure it was only three countries."

Hearing idle conversation like this put into perspective how much Phil and Technoblade knew each other. Tommy was curious. His hand sliding into his mouth as he gnawed on it. He was rocked back and forth as Phil swayed.

"They gave us airplanes. What else was I supposed to do?" Technoblade replied, a smile on the edge of his lips. "Not fly and conquer the whole earth?"

Phil chuckled, nodding. "It was pretty funny mate. The face they made when they woke up and found you claimed the world was hilarious."

There was a soft hiss from the kitchen. And Phil glanced over. "Ah, the pot is overboiling. Here," and he dropped Tommy into Techno's lap.

"Phil-" Technoblade stiffened, and Tommy let out a shocked noise.

"It's just a minute, mate." Phil was already moving out of the living room.

Tommy sucked in a breath, and before he could let out a earth shattering scream, a hand covered his mouth. "Don't yell, please." Technoblade looked utterly exhausted. A stray lock of hair fell into his eyes.

Tommy let out a high pitched whine from his nose, squirming on Techno's lap. "I get it, you're mad." Technoblade sighed, "Phil will be back in a minute and you can chill until then. Got it?"

Tommy let drool leak from his mouth and into Techno's hand. He watched as Techno visibly aged three years in front of him. Instead of recoiling like he had before, Techno quietly accepted the gross spit.

Huh. Tommy narrowed his eyes. He was going to have to do something about that. If spit and shit wouldn't help him, Tommy was running out of weapons.

After a lull of quietness, Technoblade hesitantly released his hold on Tommy's mouth. Tommy didn't so much as squeak. Quietly staring up at Technoblade with a keen eye and a plotting brain.

"You gonna be okay now, runt?" Technoblade cautiously asked, and Tommy sniffled. The piglin hybrid stared down at Tommy. Tommy stared back.

Finally, Tommy leaned forwards. Hands stretched upwards to touch Techno's face. Techno leaned back an inch, but he didn't pull away entirely. Tommy's fingers quested as they trailed across Techno's cheeks.

It was soft. Surprisingly so. Tommy had seen the stubble and figured it was scratchy like Phil's but it was light and soft against Tommy's touch. Much like the rest of Techno's hair. Was this a piglin thing? Having obnoxiously fluffy hair?

If Techno knew Tommy, the older one that is, was this close to his face, he'd yeet Tommy out of the window. Techno always kept him an arms distance away. Even when Tommy lived with him after exile, Techno never let Tommy get too close.

Perhaps it was wishful thinking on Tommy's part that they could be friends. Back when Tommy still thought Techno as a good guy. But he learned otherwise since then. That Technoblade was a selfish asshole who simply didn't care about others. The destruction of L'Manburg was unnecessary. Techno didn't *have* to blow it to pieces. There were dozens of other things he could've done and he took the cheap way out.

Violence.

Tommy's inner thoughts were abruptly shattered when his fingers trailed up Techno's cheeks and touched his nose. A huff of hot air startled Tommy. He blinked up at Techno owlishly. A soft smile graced Techno's face. "Hello runt," Technoblade spoke quietly, his breath displacing Tommy's hair. "Havin' fun?"

Right. Revenge! Tommy had momentarily forgotten it. Tommy leaned up for his *real* goal. He wasn't there just to ogle Techno's ugly mug. Tommy's pudgy baby fingers grabbed at the glasses perched on Techno's nose and pulled them off.

Techno lurched forwards, but Tommy was too fast. He had *experience*.

He shoved the glasses into his mouth.

The cool glass and odd shape a bit weird, but it gave Tommy smug satisfaction. His wings fluttered happily behind him.

Techno stared at him for a heartbeat, before he yelled loudly, "I take it back, Phil. He's *your* kid."

The nightmares were not strangers to Tommy. They were simply memories. But they felt so real. He woke up in a cold sweat, sticking awkwardly to his wings. Prime, it was weird to say that he had wings now. Tommy wasn't used to having two new limbs.

Big hands held up close to a chest. The familiar scent of Technoblade making Tommy's heart beat calm from it's frantic run. He blinked his watery eyes, finding Techno's exhausted face a foot away.

"Shh," Technoblade softly shushed Tommy, rocking him back and forth. His long pink hair spilling over his shoulder and tickling Tommy's chin. "I have you, runt. You're safe. I'll always keep you safe, Tommy. No matter what scares you. I'll be there to scare it right back."

Tommy bottom lip wobbled, and it must've been the half sleep delirium to cause it, but he broke out in silent tears. Not a peep escaping him this time.

Where was Technoblade when Tommy *needed* him? Where was he when Tommy was thrown into exile? Where was he when Dream dropped a lit match into a hole? Where was he when Tommy was lost, scared, and alone with Wilbur in Pogtopia, watching his pseudo-brother figure descend into madness?

Where was this level of comfort and safety when Tommy needed it for the past *year*?

Tommy hated him. Hated Technoblade so fucking much. He hated his stupid looking face and his weird ass glasses and the long drawl he spoke with. Tommy wanted to scream and shout every hateful word he could think of to Technoblade.

He wanted to bury his face into Techno's shirt and ignore the world.

“Shhh, aww. It’s okay, Tommy.” Technoblade curled his fingers around the nape of Tommy’s neck. Pulling him to let Tommy rest against his shoulder. “I have you, runt. Nothin’ will ever hurt you. Not while I’m here.”

“I hate you,” Tommy whispered, but the words were garbled and meaningless. His fingers curled into Techno’s shirt. Clinging tightly. This was his spot now.

If Techno thought he could tear Tommy away from his shirt, he had another thing coming to him. Tommy would fucking bite him again. He could take Techno on. Even in this form because he was a great and powerful big man. Nobody could lay a hand on Tommy. He was simply too good. They’d all crumble at his feet and plead for their lives.

Techno’s fingers gently threaded their way into Tommy’s hair. Brushing through the strands and pulling out any half formed knots. “I think…” Techno started to say before stopping. He let out a long sigh, letting his hand rest against Tommy’s head, “I’m not very good at this, Tommy. I’m sorry.”

Oh.

That was the first time Tommy had ever heard of Techno apologize. Ever. Let alone, direct it at him.

Tommy blinked in shock, the remains of a tear on the edge of his eyelashes. The anger that had driven him to drive Technoblade insane the past few days suddenly died. As if a pail of water was thrown onto a hot fire. Not even a ember remained. Only smoke rising from what had been a furious pit of flame.

What a way to take the wind out of his sails.

Techno continued, “I’m sorry, Tommy. That I wasn’t there for you. That I wasn’t fast enough to save you from the pain. If I had just figured out you were manifestin’ then you wouldn’t have had to suffer for so long. It should’ve been obvious.” Techno’s grip around Tommy’s waist grew tighter, “I’m sorry I failed to protect you, Tommy.”

Oh.

A new wave of tears, unbidden and unwanted, suddenly appeared. But the emotion behind them stung painfully like a scrapped knee. Tommy was a big man. And big men didn’t cry because of… *this*.

Crying about Technoblade’s apology was very clearly not a big man move. They cried about pigger things.

“Shhh,” Techno gently moved side to side, the motion soothing. The weight in Tommy’s throat grew as he stifled a wet sniff. “I have you, runt. You’re safe here. Always.”

Tommy opened his mouth, and the words he wanted to say didn’t come out. *‘I hate you,’* failed to appear. *‘Where were you a year ago,’* also wasn’t there.

Instead, Tommy mumbled out, his face sticky and hot, “I don’t deserve this.”

And it was true.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy: this is terrible

Imposter syndrome coming in from the left: wanna make it even worse?

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was awkward after that. Tommy's anger had effectively been wiped out. Leaving him feeling hollow. He didn't go out of his way to torment Technoblade, but Tommy was left uncomfortable with the memories of what happened that night.

Phil, blessed, stupid, and always optimistic, took over. Gently pushing Techno to the side when Tommy got too stiff with him. Techno wasn't too pleased, but he allowed Phil to pick Tommy up.

What was Tommy supposed to do? Goo goo ga ga at Techno and let him know that he is a fraud?

That would go over like Wilbur and TNT.

Prime, this was awkward. Tommy was going to do a big man thing and just ignore it all. Yep. That would work. He was going to bottle this up and look away.

Technoblade closed the book with a snap. "I think I'm goin' to get some air." The springs on his seat groaned as he stood up.

"Mate," Phil sighed, and then gave Techno a disappointed look. "Okay. Be safe."

"I'm just walkin' outside, no need to fret." Technoblade grumbled, moving over to the doorway and pulling his boots on. "I just need some space."

There was a muffled grunt and the front door banged open. And a dozen dark shapes zipped in, bringing in snow and cold air. "Phil!" Technoblade yelled, "your stupid birds-!"

"Out!" Phil held a towel in his hands and he snapped it at the crows that swooped and cawed. The noise was awful. One bird gave a shrill shriek and accidentally flew into one of the bottles on a shelf. The container fell onto the ground with a shattering noise. "Get out, you little shits! You know you're not allowed in here."

A couple of the crows swooped into the kitchen, and Techno appeared in the doorway. His braid was falling apart, and it looked like he had fallen over. A pinched expression on his face as he observed the chaos.

Tommy watched as one very brave bird slammed itself into a window, trying to escape the wrath of Philza. It fell over, completely knocked out. Then he noticed the other birds outside watching, their beady eyes glinting and cawing excitedly. Like they were watching a show.

Oh hell yeah!

This was *hilarious*. Tommy clapped his hands and let out a loud giggle, watching as Phil reemerged from the kitchen with a broom in hand. “Out!” Phil snapped out, “you are all banned! I’m kicking all of you out. Kristin isn’t going to let you come watch, you little fuckers. Outside! Outside you shits!” He swung the broom around, and there was a terrified wave of squawks as feathers and wings filled the air.

Tommy decided to fuck with the birds as well. Using his fancy new voice, he screeched and tried to mimic the cawing noises. His hands reaching up and holding the bars of his prison. A couple of the birds swooped towards Tommy, but Technoblade blocked them. Get in the way and making the birds swerve and fall over to get away from the very angry piglin hybrid.

Just as fast as it happened, the birds flew out of the front door. Leaving the living room in chaos. Black feathers littered the ground, books and other items that were resting on the shelves were knocked over.

The door was slammed shut. In the short time that it had been open, the room’s warm temperature had dropped by at least ten. The fire roared but it was slow to replace the escaped heat.

Phil pinched the space between his eyes. “What has gotten into them?” He whispered, “they are misbehaving so badly.”

“Well, I can say that I am no longer goin’ on my walk anymore. They divebombed me, Phil.” Technoblade crossed his arms. “You’re lucky one of them wasn’t a casualty.”

“I’ll have a talk with Kristin about them. I promise, they’ll get better or I’ll start sending them away.” Phil shook his head, and then sighed as he saw the mess. “I’ll clean this up.”

“I don’t trust you organizin’ my books,” Techno sniffed, and leaned over to pick up one of the fallen books, replacing it back on the shelf. And Phil snorted, rolling his eyes.

The two of them cleaned up the mess quickly. Tommy was surprised, but then again, they were known for their team work. The Angel of Death was bad enough, but if you ever heard that the Blood God was going to join him, you start running the other way. Tommy had heard the rumors. But it was still mildly shocking to see the two of them cleaning up without a single word being spoken. The other knew what the other was going to do.

Every time they glanced at Tommy, he gave them his great big innocent eyes. Like he had nothing to do with it. And... admittedly Tommy hadn’t. But he was still innocent. They bought it. Double checking that nothing was wrong with Tommy, and setting him back in his prison.

Tommy went in without a single whine or complaint. That should’ve been the first sign. Tommy played it off by laying down and closing his eyes. Pretending to sleep. But he watched them underneath his eyelashes. By the time they were done cleaning, Techno looked like he had a headache. There was a short conversation, and Techno went upstairs, no doubt to rest. Phil ducked into the kitchen, doing whatever shitty thing he was doing.

Leaning as far as he could, Tommy double checked that he was left alone. And then, when there was no overbearing asshole nearby, he crawled over to the rumpled blanket in the corner of his pen.

Tugging it off, he revealed the unconscious crow still splayed out on the ground. It had fallen into his pen. And it was with Tommy's incredible genius and brilliance, that Tommy threw a blanket over it in the confusion.

"Hello, my minion." Tommy whispered, resisting the urge to cackle, "today, you have joined me in my hell. And tomorrow, you shall aid me in my plans. I shall call you... Edward."

Edward was still fucking passed out. But soon he would wake up. And Tommy could use him as, like, a distraction as he tried to escape.

This plan was fool proof!

Okay, Edward was one funky little guy. And he immediately won Tommy over as his new best friend when the bird hopped around Tommy and helped Tommy take the fucking mittens off of his wings. Pecking and pulling at the strings that kept them tied on.

Edward was no longer just a simple foot soldier. This bird was now Tommy's *General*. He was the leader of the resistance!

Tommy's wings were still pink and ugly, but there was more fuzz on them since the last time he saw them. The down was slowly coming in. But life was never better to free them from the confines of the dreaded mittens.

Edward was by far, the best crow that has ever crowed. Tommy loved this little bastard. Tommy threw the rattle, and it clattered as it hit the carpet outside of his pen. And Edward brought it back with two flaps of his wings. Absolutely brilliant!

"Fetch!" Tommy would say, and Edward fetched.

"Come!" Tommy would call, and Edward would come back.

"Fly you fool!" Edward would fly away and hide behind one of the curtains when one of the captors came into the room. It worked out surprisingly well when Phil went upstairs after Tommy pretended to be asleep again.

"Steal!" Tommy commanded, and Edward would root around for something to bring back to Tommy. So far, Tommy has now six forks, two spoons, one butter knife. Edward was just grabbing things that were left on the dining table. And it was hard to steal things when Edward was just a bird that weighted no more than five pounds. There were only so many things he could grab Tommy.

Still.

Tommy has a *knife*.

And a teapot. And two glass cups. And four pot holders that looked like they were knitted. Tommy accepted every new gift with grace. By cackling with glee and adding it to the pile. He was a king now! A rich man with the amount of weapons he now had in his possession.

Although the room had already been cleaned once that day, it was slowly beginning to fall back into chaos. Tommy wanted to watch Edward fly around. But he wasn't *tall* enough. Tommy leaned up against the prison bars of the pen, grabbing at wood and pulling himself up as high as he could to watch Edward flit around.

He let out a dark laugh when Edward brought him *another knife*. "You are my favorite," Tommy told Edward very seriously, holding onto the butter knives in both hands. Edward opened his crooked beak and crowed, leaning forward and nibbling on Tommy's wing.

Oooh. That felt really nice. Tommy leaned into the touch, and Edward scratched at his wings. Yes, Edward has won Tommy's heart over entirely. Move over, Tubbo. A new man has taken over Tommy's best friend spot.

Tommy was watching Edward try and pick up and bring him another mug, leaning up against the bars and struggling to catch sight of his new bestie when there was a creak on the stairs.

"I'm tired."

"You just took a two hour nap. How are you still tired?" Phil asked, coming down the stairs. He looked up and froze, staring at Tommy.

"Phil?"

"Techno," Phil held out a hand, not looking away from Tommy. "Techno look."

There was another creak, and Techno peered around the corner. "What- oh. Huh. Would you look at that."

"He's *standing*." Phil breathed, a goofy smile on his face. "Look! He's standing up for the first time. All by himself!"

Tommy glanced down, and huh. He kind of was. His knees shook from the weight, so he gripped the pen walls to hold himself up. One hand still held the knife. He just wanted to watch Edward, who had got very quiet at the sound of the adults entering the room.

"That's pretty impressive." Technoblade also seemed happy, quietly smiling to himself. The stress in his shoulders was gone. And he looked peaceful. That expression went away when he noticed Edward.

"Is that my favorite mug?" Technoblade said, just as Phil noticed the knife in Tommy's hand.

"No!" Phil shrieked, and both of them dove at two different things. Edward dropped the mug. Tommy waved the knife threateningly in the air.

Tommy picked up a block and threw it in the ground. Wiggling around, giving off displeased huffs as Phil sat behind him. His long legs stretching out around Tommy, closing the kid from bolting.

And Tommy would. Because it was *exercise time*. Phil's hands were gentle, and they were the same fucking size as the weird new appendages on Tommy's back. The naked pink skin had slowly grown a mixture of soft black and white fluff. But they were still ugly as hell to look at. Thankfully Tommy only saw them naked when he was taking a bath. The mittens were still on. Much to his displeasure.

Phil made a low coo, as he pulled one wing back and moved it in a circular motion. Tommy gave him a betrayed look. Trying to slap his hand off, but Tommy's body couldn't twist in that direction.

Technoblade was the good adult now. Phil was *evil*. An evil bastard man who kept manhandling Tommy over and over and being so mean. Technoblade was obviously the superior big man.

"You're doing so good, sweetheart," Phil muttered, bracing Tommy's back with his other hand as he gently stretched the wing out. "Look at that! You're growing so big already."

Tommy grumbled. But there was no way he could stop Phil. He tried the crying thing, the spit up thing, the shitting his pants thing- Phil was determined to manhandle Tommy's wings. Personally, Tommy thought it was because Phil couldn't stop touching them. A weird expression on his face.

Phil chirped quietly to Tommy. Searching for something on Tommy's face. But he didn't find it. It wasn't like Tommy could magically *understand* the bird noises. Phil was losing his marbles. Even faster than before.

This was why Tommy liked Technoblade more now. He didn't do any freaky weird bird shit.

"There you go," Phil said happily, "one wing down, another one to go."

Tommy gave him a displeased look. And Phil ruffled Tommy's hair, the golden locks falling into Tommy's face. Were these fuckers ever going to cut it? It was getting annoying now. Although, Tommy side eyed how Phil and Techno both had longer hair, it might not get cut in the near future.

Techno walked in through the front door. Stomping his boots to get rid of the snow that clung to them, before brushing off any lingering flakes from his cape. "You ready?"

"I'm almost done," Phil said, pulling Tommy's other wing out and forcing it to move in a circle. Tommy squirmed and gave Techno a pleading look.

"Seriously, Phil? That's the second time you've done that to him today." Techno crossed his arms.

“His wings need to be stretched so they can form naturally,” Phil protested, and by Techno’s raised eyebrow and Phil’s spluttering, this was just an excuse. Tommy was tired of Phil manhandling him, and he waved his arms in Technoblade’s direction. The piglin hybrid cracked a smile down at Tommy.

“Well, come on.” Technoblade crossed the room and picked Tommy up gently. “We don’t have all day. Our guests are going to arrive soon.”

Guests?

What?

Tommy’s head whipped around to stare at Techno with shock. “Seriously?” Tommy asked, “you guys get *visitors*?”

“I bet you’re going to freak,” Technoblade mused, staring down at Tommy with a half smile, “you’ve only seen the two of us. You’ll lose your mind when you see somebody you’ve never met, huh? You’re whole world is this cabin. Just imagine when you realize how much is outside of these four walls.”

“Piss off,” Tommy muttered, but curled his hands in Techno’s cape and shoved his face into the fluff. It had been months now. Living with Technoblade and Phil. And he had yet to see anybody besides these two jackasses.

He wondered who exactly would be coming to visit. Would it be... hmm. Okay, Tommy had to think about this because he was pretty sure that Technoblade and Phil pissed off everybody in the fucking server.

Destroying L’Manburg *twice* tends to do that.

“Phil can you grab me the sling?” Technoblade called out.

“I thought I was going to wear it,” Phil responded from upstairs.

“You were, before you showed me that you couldn’t keep your hands off his wings.” Techno said, “we don’t want people to get distracted during the meeting.”

“Aww, but Techno-” Phil climbed down the stairs, holding a sash of fabric.

“Give me the sling.” Techno held out a hand, and exchanged Tommy for the fabric. Tommy whined, holding out his hands to Techno as Phil took him.

“Hold on for just a second,” Phil bounced Tommy, “he needs both hands to get it on.”

Get *what* on??

Phil kept moving, side to side, and Tommy couldn’t get a good look at Techno the entire time. The movement was soothing. But Tommy wanted to *see*. It wasn’t until Techno grunted, “I’m done,” that Phil turned around.

There was a weird amalgamation of the fabric strapped across Techno's torso. Criss crossing in a weird pattern. "Okay, can you hold him still?" Techno was fiddling with one of the straps, and Tommy was held up to Techno's chest.

It wasn't until Tommy's foot was gently guided through one of the holes in the fabric, that Tommy figured out what it was for. Honestly it was nap time, that's why it took him so long to figure it out. He let out a disgruntled whine, pressing his hands against Techno's torso and trying to push away. But it was too late. The damage was done.

Tommy was strapped into a baby harness. His back facing out, so his covered wings flapped gently. His face pressed into Techno's white shirt. Tommy craned his neck back and forth to peer behind him.

"You sure I can't wear him during the meeting-?"

"No."

"Spoil sport." Phil huffed, "alright. Well, it's not too far of a walk from here."

Wait, wait, wait. *They were taking Tommy with them?*

Tommy is going to go *outside??*

It explained why he was dressed in a warmer onesie than normal. Tommy clenched his hands in Techno's shirt, holding on the fabric. It made him feel better to hold onto something while in this harness. It felt like Tommy could just fall out. Even though there were dozens of straps holding him in place. Techno's big hand rested on the small of Tommy's back, pressing him closer.

"You know," Techno said with a sly grin, "we could just take the short cut down there."

Phil snapped his head to glare at Technoblade, "we are not dropping through the lava with *Tommy.*"

"I mean-"

"No." Phil hissed, and Techno shook with laughter.

"Okay, okay. I'm just pullin' your leg, Phil. I wouldn't do it." Techno held his hands up in a surrender pose.

Phil rolled his eyes, pulling on his jacket, "I wouldn't put it past you, sometimes. You'd go to war with Tommy strapped onto your chest."

"I could protect him the best by keepin' him with me!" Technoblade mildly protested, and Tommy smacked a hand against his chest. Tommy didn't want to be on the battlefield strapped to Technoblade. That would literally be the worst.

He could just imagine Techno striking people down with a sword, and suddenly, *bam*, a baby.

Tommy would probably die from embarrassment.

The air was cold when Phil held the door out. And Tommy watched with wide eyes, craning his neck and and forth as he tried to see as much as he could. He hadn't been outside since Phil brought him here. And it was weird to see the world from a baby's perspective. The spruce trees seemed so much bigger. The snow so much brighter. The sun hitting the ice and bouncing it around.

"Awww," Phil crooned, as he tucked Techno's cape around Tommy gently. "Look at him, he's so curious."

"He's something, alright." Techno muttered fondly.

Tommy was staring at a patch of snow that looked a bit *off* when it shifted and *moved*. He let out a hiccupping gasp, as two black eyes blinked up at him from the massive white wall of fur.

"Tommy, meet Steve. Steve, this is Tommy. Don't eat him." Technoblade said, as the huge *polar bear* leaned its head forward and snuffled at Tommy's face. Its breath washed over Tommy's face, hot and wet. And a big wet tongue flicked out and swiped across Tommy's cheek.

"Oh, Techno I don't know if we should let him lick Tommy-" Phil was hovering, and a rag suddenly appeared in his hand. Ready to wipe the saliva from Tommy's face.

Tommy giggled, and held out his hands to Steve. The polar bears head was bigger than Tommy, and he pressed his wet dark nose into Tommy's palm.

"He's havin' fun," Techno remarked, "let him play. Stop being a worry wart."

"Our son is playing with a nine hundred pound bear that can kill him with a bite." Phil said dryly, "I am going to worry, Technoblade."

"Don't be." Techno shrugged, "it's that simple. Steve would never hurt a fly. Right Steve?" Techno reached up and gave Steve an aggressive pet, ruffling the fur on the polar bears head. "He's too much of a softie to hurt Tommy. Aren't you?"

Steve grunted, pressing his giant head into Techno's palm. Tommy reached out with a hand, leaning back as far as he could to brush Steve's warm fur. And the bear leaned forwards to allow Tommy to roughly pat on his snout.

"You are ridiculous." Phil huffed, and then he patted his pockets. "Oh, I think we forgot Tommy's bag."

"Hurry up," Techno didn't glance away as Tommy grabbed a fist full of Steve's fur with his clumsy hands, "we don't want to be late."

"You're the one who stopped to pet the polar bear!" Phil threw his hands up, and disappeared back into the house.

“Be gentle,” Techno’s voice grew soft as he reached down and uncurled Tommy’s grip in Steve’s fur. “Keep your hand flat and pet him like this,” and he dragged Tommy’s hand over Steve’s head rhythmically. “See? He loves it.”

Steve tilted his head and pushed it gently upwards, and the bear huffed heavily as he gave Technoblade a pleading look. “Okay, don’t tell Phil this. This stays between you and me,” Techno pulled a fish out of his inventory, “but I have a favorite pet. He thinks I spoil Steve too much.”

The bear gulped the fish down with a swallow, and it bounced up and down on his paws, giving Techno a happy look. Tommy laughed, pressing his hands against his mouth. Steve acted like one of Techno’s wolf army. “The second I can talk I’m ratting you out,” Tommy grinned up at Technoblade. “You can’t stop me.”

The front door closed, and Phil stomped down the icy porch steps. A bag in his hands. Tommy could see the various items poking out of it. A sippy cup, a couple teething rings, a half dozen diapers, a fleece blanket. Did Phil back up the whole house? The bag looked near full to bursting.

“The meetin’ is only for a couple of hours,” Techno eyed the bag critically, matching Tommy’s look. “Did you have to grab everything?”

“It’s better to be prepared, Technoblade.” Phil sniffed, “we need to go. Otherwise we really will be late.”

Techno peered down at Tommy with a half smile, “imagine being late, how cringe.”

Tommy gave him a grin, “very cringe, big man.”

They were late.

There were mutter voices that echoed around the stone staircase. Phil and Techno didn’t look bothered by it. They walked through the spruce forest until they came to a random rock, and pressed a hidden button. The stone was pulled back by redstone, and Tommy got suddenly *very* distracted by the piles of goodies laying around.

This was Techno’s *vault*. A hidden resource that had been rumored across the server to hold the best tools and weapons. And they were not *wrong*. Tommy mentally noted where it was. If he ever returned to being a big man again, he would definitely raid this place.

That wasn’t all of it. Despite it being hidden in Techno’s legendary vault, there was *yet another secret door*. A dark staircase trailing down into the darkness, only a torch interspaced evenly kept the mobs from spawning.

Tommy tried to shove his hand in his mouth during the whole thing, and Phil made a big fuss how Tommy shouldn’t have his fingers that touched a bear in his mouth. So he gently sucked a damn pacifier. It kept his hands free of his mouth, but it still mildly irritating that Tommy had, what Phil called, a *binky*.

Tommy prayed for a painless death once more, but the gods never answered.

Techno wrapped the cape around Tommy's shoulders, hiding him from view as Phil opened the door. There was a familiar high pitched laugh, and Tommy craned his neck to peer over his shoulder. His wings flapping wildly.

"There they are," Niki spoke up, "I was wondering where you two were."

"Sorry, we ran a bit late." Phil sighed, running a hand through his hair.

"That's- uh, that's fine." A soft voice spoke up, and *holy fuck was that Ranboo?*

Tommy slapped his fists against Techno's chest, trying to turn and look, but Techno pulled the cape around him tighter. Ranboo! Boob boy! *Tommy's savior!!!* Ranboo can tell Tubbo and then they can save Tommy!

It was like the heavens opened up and angels were falling from the sky, singing harmonies. Suddenly everything was going to be okay again. Boob boy can save Tommy! He can finally escape!

Tommy kicked and let out a muffled grunt, trying to push Technoblade around. He wanted to *see*. "Hold up," Techno grunted to him, pressing a hand against Tommy's back to hold him still.

Tommy did *not* want to wait. But he reluctantly held still, pressing his face against Techno's shirt. Listening to his steady heart beat.

"I can't believe the people who live right next to the base are late," Niki teased lightly. Tommy hadn't heard her talk like that in a long time. It was a surprise gut punch. How long had it been since he's seen Niki happy? They parted ways after Wilbur died. And with Exile and then everything that happened after it-

Tommy never spoke to her again. Sure, they might have crossed paths occasionally. But... Niki had been his friend once.

"Let's get this meeting started," Technoblade's voice rumbled next to Tommy's ears. "We have a lot to catch up on."

"It has been, uh. A few months." Tommy could practically hear Ranboo fidgeting. "I hope all of you are doing okay?"

"Tech and I have been doing great," Phil trilled, "and you two?"

"F-fine."

"Eh, could be better." Niki snorted, "I've been busy building. Rebuilding things up. You know."

"That's great, Niki." Phil replied, "now, about why I called this meeting-"

Tommy shuffled around in Techno's cape. Trying to press against him, but Techno firmly held him still. Now that they were inside, it was warm underneath the cape. And Tommy let out a soft yawn. It was past his nap time. And Techno's heart beat was nice to listen to. The voices of the others washed over him, and his eyelids crept lower.

He wanted Ranboo. He wanted to tell him to save him. Hell, he wanted to look him dead in the eyes and telepathically communicate the horror Tommy has been through. But he was so... *so tired*.

Damn this baby body.

He still caught snippets of conversation. Bits and pieces. But they quickly vanished from his thoughts.

"-sent us a letter," Phil said distantly. "Asking for-"

"You're not really going are you-?" Niki spoke.

Techno grunted loudly, and it only stirred Tommy lightly before falling back into his doze.

"I heard of-"

"-hard to get in-"

"He's been invited."

"Oh, how will-"

"-get out?"

"-trapdo-"

"Three days," Techno said softly. And Tommy felt a hand gently touch his hair. Twirling the ends.

"Good luck," Ranboo quietly piped up.

"-heard about this new place-"

"Snowchester?" Niki said.

"-government?"

"No, no. It's not-" Ranboo rambled, "it's a community. Not a government."

"-keep an eye on it."

"If they try to-"

"What do you think, Technoblade? You've been very quiet this meeting." Niki spoke up, the words cutting through the Tommy's light doze. "Should we check out Snowchester?"

“Nah,” Technoblade grunted out. And the sound made Tommy stir. He grumbled lightly at the disturbance.

There was a pause, “Technoblade, why do you have a baby on you?”

“Cuz he’s sleepin’.” Technoblade replied wryly.

There was a soft gasp, “where did you find a baby? Wait, Phil, is he *yours*?” Niki whispered quietly, “he has your hair. Aww.”

“Yeah,” Tommy could hear Phil’s chest puffing out with pride, “he’s my son.” Techno coughed, “okay he’s *our* son. We’re raising him together.”

“How old is he?” Ranboo sounded closer, but he was whispering too.

“About eleven months, we aren’t exactly sure.” Phil proudly spoke. And finally, Tommy angrily cracked open an eye.

Where they telling people lies? His vision swam until it focused, and he saw Niki and Ranboo bent over, peering at him. Wow. They looked huge.

“Oh, he even has your blue eyes.” Niki’s hand flew up to her mouth, hiding a smile full of awe. “Look! He’s so tiny. Look at his little nose.”

Ranboo had a weird look on his face. Bitch boy was looking down at Tommy with a curious stare. And Tommy took his chance. He sluggishly waved his arms at Bitch Boy. His signature, ‘hold me’ motion. The pacifier in his mouth muffled the whine that Tommy made.

“Aww, mate. He wants you to hold him.” Phil was peering down on the other side of Technoblade.

“He does?” Ranboo looked shocked, glancing around to see if there was magically somebody else who Tommy was waving at. “Me?”

“Yep,” Phil laughed, and Techno pulled Tommy gently from the harness. Tommy shook off the fog of sleep, and he stretched his arms out to Ranboo.

“Bitch boy,” Tommy mumbled around the pacifier, “it’s me. It’s *me*. *Recognize me.*”

“How- how do I hold him?” Ranboo looked flustered, holding his hands out in an awkward position.

“Support his bum, like this.” Phil pulled Tommy into his arms, wrapping an arm under his legs and the other wrapping around his back. “And don’t hold him too low, otherwise he might tip over.”

“Okay,” Ranboo leaned over, and Phil passed Tommy into his arms. *Right where Tommy wanted to be.*

Working the pacifier from his mouth, which was a struggle, Tommy let it fall. “Ranboo,” Tommy leaned up and clasped both of his hands on Ranboo’s cheeks, “*It’s me. It’s Tommy.*”

“*Oh,*” Ranboo breathed, staring down at Tommy. His red and green glowing eyes widened in shock.

“Yeah, oh.” Tommy snorted sarcastically, “it’s me, bitch boy. Listen, you need to get me out of here. I’m being abused, horribly, terribly, abused. They keep treating me like a real baby. Tell Tubbo it’s me.”

“I- I don’t know what to say.” Ranboo spoke.

“I know. It’s fucked up. I’m little. But listen, it’s *still me.*” Tommy didn’t break eye contact. But hope started to rise up in him. Fluttering like a butterfly. “It’s a long story.”

“Tell me more,” Ranboo said softly.

“Okay, so it was a witch. And she tried to eat me, but that’s not really that important, Boob boy. I need help. I need to be rescued. I might be a baby, but you need to know that I’m still a big man inside.”

Ranboo nodded. *He understood.* Tommy’s heart soared.

“Uh huh.” Ranboo bounced Tommy gently, and gave Tommy a shy little smile, “you’re a talkative one, aren’t you?”

“Oh, you have no idea.” Technoblade huffed. “Sometimes he won’t stop.”

“That’s adorable,” Niki sighed, “it’s like he’s trying to tell you something Ranboo.”

“No, no, no.” Tommy protested, glancing over at Niki and back at Ranboo, “I *am* telling him something. Tell her, Boo. Tell her what I’m saying.”

“What’s his name?” Ranboo, the *fucker*, asked instead. Completely ignoring what Tommy was saying.

“Theseus.” Technoblade and Phil spoke in unison.

“*What?*” Tommy squawked, “*what-?*”

“Oh, I like that. A big name for such a little guy,” Niki was cooing at him, leaning in and wiggling her fingers at Tommy. “Prime, he looks just like you Phil. And oh, are those little itty bitty *wings?*”

“Ranboo, please.” Tommy was starting to deflate. “Please, give me any kind of sign that you understand me. Please, I can’t do this any more. I’m dying, here bud. *Please.*”

Instead of looking Tommy in the eyes and saying, “I understand you Tommy Innit, big man extraordinaire,” Ranboo’s twin tails flicked behind him happily. “He is the cutest baby I’ve ever seen. Aren’t you, Theseus?”

Tommy visibly deflated in his arms.

Tommy has been sad before. But he hasn't been, like, fucking depressed like this in a while. He had been sad when he found out that Tubbo moved on so quickly after Tommy died in a prison. *Three days*. It took Tubbo *three days* to move in with Ranboo and create a happy family together. It killed Tommy a bit. But whatever, he moved on. Things were okay.

He had been sad when Jack took his hotel. He had been upset when... Doomsday hit. When Techno threw him onto the ground with a blood thirsty wild look in his eyes. But Technoblade hadn't known that Tommy would do anything for L'Manburg. It was the only thing he had left of Wilbur. Hell, even Wilbur's old jacket was gone. Lost in a witches hut somewhere. But it hurt, watching Techno throw him away so easily. After all that they had gone through, he would toss Tommy aside so quickly when the water got a little too hot.

It was all Tommy's fault.

He had betrayed Technoblade.

Tommy only felt this depressed *once* in his life before. In Logstedshire, standing on a pillar, looking down at the world.

He didn't do it.

And he still won't jump.

But that flat, empty feeling hollowed out Tommy's insides. And he stared a toy flatly. He didn't make a move. A hand reached over and gently rolled the ball closer to Tommy. The red ball bounced against Tommy's leg, and he didn't react.

"Is he alright?" Technoblade asked in the background.

"I don't know," Phil said, moving to sit with Tommy on the ground, "maybe he's just exhausted? He's had a long day. He got to meet two new people." He reached over and patted Tommy's back.

"What's the point?" Tommy whispered, unable to drag his eyes away from the ground. "I can't do anything anymore. I know it was stupid to think that Ranboo would recognise me, but," his bottom lip trembled, "it was all I had."

He looked up at Phil and Techno with tears in his eyes, "I'm really stuck as a baby, aren't I?"

Phil gave Tommy a broken hearted look, "oh, come here kiddo." And he scooped Tommy up in his strong arms. Tommy hated it. He hated how natural it felt, how comforted he was, how much he *liked* being held. At some point, instead of being annoying, Tommy had come to like being in Phil's and Techno's arms.

And he hated that he loved it.

“I’m tired,” Tommy sobbed, burying his face into Phil’s shirt, “I’m so tired. I wanna go home. I don’t want to be useless anymore. I don’t deserve this.”

“Yeah, I think you’re right. He might be overstimulated and tired. A lot happened today,” Techno murmured in the distance, and Tommy could barely hear him over his own sobs.

For once, Tommy was crying under his own power. There wasn’t a baby brain poking at him and forcing him to cry. This was wholly Tommy Innit, big man extraordinaire. And it stung that he was really crying like a baby.

Because he was *a real baby*.

It was really sinking that Tommy was stuck. He had hoped, for *so long*, that this mistake in the universe would magically right itself. That he would wake up and he’d be big and he could leave all of the embarrassment and shit behind him.

Fuck, how long has it been since Tommy even *thought* about his home? His little dirt shack that was barely standing up and has probably melted into the ground. And what about Shroud? He had let the spider out of the house before he went out that day, so long ago, Shroud might have just left like Tommy had.

All he had was a hard wooden bed, hunger, and the horrible anxiety that Dream would somehow get out of the prison and get him. Tommy had nothing. There was a crippling fear that kept him from gathering things and stocking up on supplies.

After everything had blown up in his face, it made his hands shake when his inventory was even partially full. What if he lost everything again? What if all of this was destined to be destroyed, like everything else Tommy touched?

He hadn’t been scared in... ages. Tommy hadn’t had a paralyzing terror grip him whenever he took more than the minimum. He hadn’t gone to bed hungry. He hadn’t stared up at the ceiling and wonder what kind of shit day Prime would give him tomorrow. The stress that used to make his shoulders ache from holding it for too long hadn’t bothered him.

Would life be good if Tommy returned home and pretended nothing had happened?

No.

It wouldn’t.

Tommy’s will crumpled. He slumped into Phil’s hold, letting the old man support him. Tommy hated how much he has enjoyed his time here. He hated how helpless he was. Tommy was a survivor. He taught himself how to live. He dug his fingers into the world and refused to let it ruin him. He didn’t have the luck to have parents growing up, he was kicked out and thrown into the streets. And from there, he could only trust himself to live.

It changed when Wilbur took him in. It had been just Tommy, but then it became Tommy-and-Wilbur against the world. Wilbur was bitter his father always left to travel and he was

lonely. It changed Tommy's life when Wilbur found him rooting through his garbage and asked if Tommy wanted to come inside to wait the rain out.

That was the closest Tommy ever had to a family.

Tommy has never let anybody just... *take care* of him before.

He hated how addicting it was. How much Tommy wanted it now.

He didn't deserve this.

His sobs turned into sniffles when he couldn't cry anymore. He was tired. And Phil was gently swaying him back and forth, rubbing at his back. Tommy blinked and pulled himself away from the sticky wet shirt to peer up at Phil.

"Hi," Phil smiled, "are you feeling better Tommy? Did you get it all out?" It hurt to see how utterly fond Phil gazed down at him. The crinkles in the corners of his eyes, the soft look he wore, the love-

Tommy buried his face shyly into Phil's shirt again. "I hate you," he whispered, but he could feel it twist in his mouth and fall out as a lie.


"Come on, bud," Phil shifted, "let's go to bed. Dad's got you. I think we both need a nap."

It was so easy to close his eyes and let Phil take care of him. Tommy always resisted. He always tried some way to preserve what little spite he had. But he couldn't muster it up this time. As Phil took Tommy up to his nest, Tommy found an unknown pain in his chest easing. It ate away at him, but now it wasn't there. Disappearing. And leaving a light airy feeling.

Tommy would never, ever say it out loud. His big man pride wouldn't let him. Sometimes it was better to give up then struggle and agonize over the inevitable. But he could quietly enjoy the feeling.

Acceptance.

Chapter End Notes

Ranboo: omg he's talking to meee  i love him so much

Tommy: -and im going to fucking tear your heart out with my bare teeth when i get older do you understand me, bitch boy. You are going to rue the day that you didn't understand my telepathy.

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

impulsive update lets gooo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It figures that as soon as Tommy accepted that he was going to be an infant, something bad happened. And in this case, Tommy's mouth ached.

It didn't stab and make him bleed, which was worlds better than when wings ripped themselves out of his back. But it was a different type of pain. A deep ache in his jaw that throbbed with his heartbeat.

The baby brain was not happy. Techno was the first to notice the issue, after he tried to sooth Tommy and it failed to work. Tommy was gasping for breath when Techno did the unforgivable. Fuck the acceptance, Tommy wanted a refund. He could put up with a lot of shit, but Techno sticking his fingers in Tommy's mouth was one thing he could not forgive. Again.

This time, Techno's questing finger, which Tommy took great liberty chewing on with his gums, found the bump Tommy hadn't even noticed appearing. The pain grew bright and hot with the touch, and Tommy sucked in a breath just as Techno said, "oh shit."

Tommy straight up screamed.

Phil slid into the room moments later, his eyes wild and his hands already outstretched to grab Tommy. After his hands double checked that, no, Tommy wasn't dying or bleeding out Phil turned to Techno. "What did you do?" He yelled over Tommy's howls.

"He's teething!" Techno shouted back, and Phil cursed under his breath.

Twenty minutes later, Tommy was sitting in his high chair with a frozen teething ring in his mouth and he was gnawing on it aggressively. The pain was numbed with the cold, and Tommy clutched at the ring with all of the strength he had.

"Well," Phil said, leaning on the counter. His feathers were askew and his hair wasn't in a better condition. A haunted look in his eyes already began to form. Tommy didn't know why he was looking so tired, it was *Tommy* who was going to grow his teeth. "This is going to suck."

"I can postpone-" Techno was standing awkwardly in the doorway. "I don't need to-"

“No,” Phil rose up from his position, “this is important, and we knew this was going to happen sometime. I want you to go.”

Techno was leaving? Tommy gave him a side eye. It made sense that Techno wanted to do the shopping trip this time. After the last one went literally to shit with Phil gone. At least Techno would have his communicator on him this time.

“But-” Techno looked uncertain, which was an unusual sight to see. His red eyes rested on Tommy, drinking in the sight. “It’s just for three-”

“I know.” Phil interrupted, “we spent a lot of time planning this Technoblade. If you wait any longer they could get suspicious.”

Villagers were always sneaky, Tommy had to agree. They took one look at Tommy and upped their prices. Assholes.

Techno looked like he wanted to argue. But after a few seconds, his brows furrowed and his fists loosened. And he solemnly nodded, “fine.”

Phil looked pleased, “great. Why don’t you spend some extra time with Tommy before your trip? Go outside and get some fresh air.”

What? Tommy perked up. He gets to go outside again? Fuck yeah. The last trip had been too short, and the cabin was stuffy. His wings flapped excitedly at the thought. Phil shot Tommy a fond look, which Tommy pointedly ignored. “Look! He wants to join you. Isn’t that right, Tommy? You like going outside, bud? You know what that word means, don’t you Tommy?” Ugh, the baby voice.

Techno looked stoic and was painfully considering the idea, but Tommy could see the pleased look in his eyes. He couldn’t fool Tommy. Techno stepped in the kitchen, “I don’t know Phil, does Tommy want to go *outside*? ” His words were light and teasing.

“I am not above begging. Free me.” Was what Tommy said, but all that came out was an incomprehensible whine. Tommy held his hands up for Techno to pick him up. He wiggled excitedly and his wings fluttered, the downy feathers fluffing up in the air. “Come on! Pick me up already!” Techno smiled, tilting his head back and letting out a booming chuckle.

“I don’t know,” Phil joined in with a laugh of his own, “I think he wants a nap.” He teased.

Tommy’s face scrunched up in a ugly frown. “You’re picking on me. I knew you two were wrong’uns but this just proves it. Jackasses.” Tommy sent a pouty look to Phil. “You’re the worst of the two, I hope you know that.”

“Oh, he does not want a nap.” Techno said with another laugh, “how dare you offend him by saying it’s nap time. It’s like you just tried to steal candy from him.”

Phil leaned over and scooped Tommy up into his arms, “oh don’t frown Tommy,” Phil bounced him, “I’m just so happy you’re learning words! You’re such a smart little baby! Soon you’ll learn to start saying words! I hope your first word is ‘dad.’”

Techno snorted, “I bet it’ll be ‘fuck,’ knowing Tommy.”

“Shhh!” Phil covered Tommy’s ears, “he doesn’t know that word yet. And,” Phil’s voice dipped in a warning, “he won’t be. Not for a long time, Technoblade. We can at least try to keep him from being a potty mouth this time around.”

“Fat fucking chance of that,” Tommy mumbled, already planning out how he was going to ruin Techno’s day by cursing the first chance he got.

“I always thought his swearing adding to his personality. It wasn’t like he had one outside of it.” Techno crossed his arms, and Tommy was going to fucking spit all over him in retaliation.

“I’m going to kill you-” Tommy seethed, but was interrupted.

“Well, if I’m going to take him outside let’s get him ready.” Techno unfolded his arms and stopped leaning on the wall.

“Techno, my favorite big man!” Tommy held his arms over to him and hit him with the puppy dog eyes. “Come here, asshole.”

When Techno didn’t look like he was jumping to Tommy’s command, Tommy threw in a long pitched whine. The one he knew that Techno’s ears always twitched when hearing.

Sure enough, Techno’s ears flicked, but that didn’t hide the way his eyes snapped over to Tommy. His nose flared as he drew in a long breath. And then he took measured steps and plucked Tommy out of Phil’s arms. “Come on, brat.”

“Have fun,” Phil bid them farewell as Techno left him behind.

Much to Tommy’s dismay, Techno brought out the harness. And a bundle of warm fleece items, and two of which were the fucking awful mittens that covered Tommy’s wings. Tommy made a disgusted face at the sight of those. And Techno sighed, “you’re going to protest this, aren’t you runt?”

“Until I die.” Tommy grimly replied.

“Pity.” Techno responded dryly. And then he tried to put on the first coat.

It didn’t go well.

Although Tommy swore death and vengeance upon Techno, the piglin hybrid was the biggest man ever. Mostly because after Steve came up and begged for fish, which Techno swore Tommy to secrecy, he took Tommy around the farm.

Tommy already knew what Techno’s set up was like. He lived here for a short while after exile. And it was hard to forget what a breath of fresh air this place was after Logstedshire. After it became apparent that nobody was going to destroy everything, Tommy could finally relax. And he tried to help Techno with the chores as a quiet and unspoken thanks.

Not that it worked. Technoblade still tossed him away the second Tommy asked him to stop.

Asshole.

Still, the farm animals were all the same. The sheep looked interested by Techno's new addition, Tommy strapped to his chest. They all crowded around him, leaning up and sniffing at Tommy with curious eyes. Techno had to shoo them away, but Tommy squirmed and wiggled until he could pet one.

The wool was soft and clean under his fingers. And Techno handed a few pieces of hay in Tommy's outstretched hand and watched as the sheep gently nibbled on it. Tommy laughed at the ticklish feeling of the wet nose brushing up against his fingers, and Techno made a pleased chuff.

It was strange to think that Technoblade, the Blood God, could be so soft.

A stranger idea was that he was soft with *Tommy* of all people.

The cows were goddesses. Tommy watched them, completely entranced as Techno refilled their water and their food. Just like with the sheep, Techno gently placed a bit of hay on Tommy's hand and watched as the most gorgeous ladies in the world stepped up and licked a thick streak of spit up Tommy's skin.

He will never wash this hand again.

Techno laughed, "you really love cows, don't you Tommy?"

"I know perfection when I see them, big man." Tommy mumbled distracted as he craned his neck to watch the cows, even as Techno turned away. He kicked out, but didn't touch anything but air. He whined, staring up at Techno.

"You are a brat," Techno said fondly, without any heat. "I have other chores to do, but we can come back and look at the cows later."

"You better," Tommy warned him, "or I'm puking on all of your capes."

The turtle farm was quiet and all Techno had to do was refill the food and check that the water didn't freeze in the habitat. The turtles were either sleeping in their burrows or swimming, and so Tommy see didn't any. After that Techno took him over to the wolf army next. The dogs surrounded Techno, staring at Tommy with fascination. A few adventurous dogs came up and sniffed at Tommy's feet, which were incased in little booties.

Techno shooed them away, "they'll steal your shoes," he said, after one wolf whined. "I know because if I leave my boots on the porch one of these thieves will steal them and use them as a chew toy. Don't think I'm not talking about you, Jerry, I know you like them."

Jerry, the wolf in question, hunched over and gave Technoblade a pitiful look. The wolves parted like the red sea as Techno waded through them. Reaching into his inventory and pulling out a stack of meat and throwing it to the dogs like a frisbee. The dogs launched

themselves up and snapped their jaws around their food before running away before another dog could try and steal it away.

It was an impressive show!

Once the dogs were fed and the barrels of water they guzzled out of like they were in the middle of the desert was full, Techno moved on. He paused by Steve again, who was sitting on a patch of snow and snoozing. Taking a moment to pet the bear on the head, Tommy spotted something *wonderful*.

Mud.

A giant big old patch of mud.

Tommy wanted to smear it all over his fucking face. He held out his hands and let out a whine, peering up at Technoblade with his best puppy dog eyes. Steve lifted his head at the noise, snuffling at Tommy. The hot breath that smelled like fish washed over Tommy's face.

"Is your mouth hurting you bud?" Techno looked down at Tommy with concern.

Actually, it kind of was. But Tommy had been too entranced by the animals all day to really take notice of the ache in his gums. There was more than just one area that was hurting now, so that meant more than one tooth was coming in. Lovely. Instead, Tommy held out his hands again at the pile of thick, delicious, goopy mud.

He wanted to play in it so badly.

Techno followed Tommy's gaze. And then snorted, "how am I not surprised? You always went on about how you could eat mud when you stayed here last."

Tommy hesitated hearing that. He thought that Techno didn't listen to his rants while he was building up his cobblestone tower. So Tommy was throwing out random shit just to say it in front of Techno. It helped keep the ringing in his ears quiet.

Techno was taking too long. And Tommy drew in a deep breath and let out the longest whine he could manage. Making it sound extra pathetic. Tommy watched Techno's face just to see the stoick mask crack in half, and his eyes went dark as his pupils expanded.

"I don't see why not," Techno gruffly snorted, "a bit of germs won't hurt you."

This is why Technoblade is the *biggest man ever*. Tommy wanted to shriek with joy as Technoblade sat down, his cape falling behind him onto the snowy ground like a red carpet. Gently, even though Tommy squirmed with the single minded focus to get to the mud as quickly as possible, Techno detached him from the harness and set him on the ground.

Tommy had never crawled faster in his *life*.

The mud was the *perfect* consistency. It was smooth between his fingers, and Tommy squeezed it and it oozed out from his hands. Utterly entranced, Tommy scooped it up and let it fall with a wet smack on the ground, splattering it all over him. Specks of mud hit his face.

Technoblade sighed, “less than two seconds, Tommy. And you need a bath. Well, in for a penny, in for a pound.” And then he was scooping his hands in the mud alongside Tommy. Building up a mound of it.

This was *the best day ever*.

Techno would create a giant hill of mud, and then let Tommy smash it to pieces. Covering both of them with bits of mud. At one point, Tommy straight up smeared a handful of mud on his face. Just because he *could*. And Techno laughed at him.

Sucks to suck, because Tommy reached up and made two tiny little muddy handprints on Techno’s white shirt. Techno stopped laughing, and there was a twinkle in his eye. “Two can play at that game, Theseus.”

Oh shit.

Tommy squealed as Techno hefted him up with one hand and plopped him right in the middle of the puddle. His wings fluffed up in shock, and Tommy gasped as he held up one arm and stared at the mud that went all the way up to the elbow.

“Yeeeesss,” Tommy laughed softly to himself. “Yeeeesssss!!!”

There was a distant noise, wood sliding on wood, and then, “*Technoblade?*” Philza called out incredulously, “*what are you doing? What did I just witness?*”

“Oh shit,” Technoblade said, look alarmed. “Well, if I am going to be in trouble might as well make it worth it. Listen here, Tommy,” the front door slammed open, “can you say ‘fuck?’ Sound out the words, fuh-”

“Technoblade!” Philza was swooping down at them, his dark wings mantled high and he looked mighty pissed, “I am going to *kill* you.”

“-uck.” Technoblade finished, and then he scooped Tommy up, taking a solid chunk of the mud with them, turned around, and bolted. Philza screeched behind them. And Tommy tilted his head back and shrieked with laughter.

Tommy was asleep. His nightmares were getting rarer and less frightening these days. And it was the perfect moment of peaceful sleep when he felt himself being picked up. He mumbled under his breath, but the action wasn’t unusual. This happened occasionally, and the motion didn’t stir him. His hair was still slightly damp after the bath Phil gave him, and his clean hair fell into his face.

“You be good, Tommy.” Technoblade muttered, breaking up Tommy’s dreams slightly. “I’ll be back before you know it, runt.”

Tommy smelled pine and nether, and he pressed his face closer. Squishing his cheek up against the arm that cradled him carefully. There was a long sigh, and a low chuff. And

Techno tapped his forehead to Tommy's, holding it there for a few breaths before pulling away. He placed Tommy back in his crib, leaving him to drift back asleep.

In the morning, when Tommy woke up, Technoblade was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Phil, watching out the window as Technoblade lowers their child into a pit of mud: oh no he didn't

Phil: proceeds to craft a belt

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Technoblade was gone. Phil came down the stairs and didn't remark on it when there was a big hole in the cabin. Tommy wasn't *upset*. He was just... it threw him off, okay? He was used to having Technoblade snarky comments while Phil made breakfast, the hulking piglin picking Tommy up and mocking Phil from a distance.

Except it was just the two of them now.

Tommy scowled. He just forgiven Technoblade of his heinous crimes. And *now* he leaves? Tommy should've held his grudge longer. He'll give Technoblade a headache when he comes back from the village.

The morning was slow without Technoblade. Phil made breakfast, and Tommy scowled harder. Technoblade fed him breakfast. And now he's *gone* and Phil has to do all the hard work. Asshole. He should've stayed and taken care of Tommy instead of leaving Phil to do everything. The old man would die from all of the stuff he'd have to do. Tommy's face was growing darker as he thought about it. Phil was fucking fragile or something, a stiff breeze could be the end of him. And Technoblade left? What the hell was he thinking? Clearly things were going down the drain here if Technoblade thought Phil could run the place without him.

Phil didn't notice Tommy's dark thoughts, instead cleaning up breakfast with a hum. He looked out the window, pausing for a minute to stare out into the sunshine. And then he turned, a peaceful smile on his face. "Hey buddy- oh. Are your teeth bothering you Tommy? Let me get your teething ring."

Yes, Tommy's mouth fucking hurt. But he wasn't grumpy because of that. It was because Technoblade abandoned them both! And Phil was going to die without his help.

Clearly that meant that Tommy had to finally step up to the plate. He was getting stronger. Bigger. He was *growing teeth in*, for Primes sake. That had to mean something. He heard Phil complaining that he was growing too fast, and that soon he'd have to make Tommy new clothes.

It was time for Tommy to man up. Be the big man he always claimed to be. He had to make sure that Phil didn't die on his watch, not while Technoblade was gone.

The teething ring was presented to Tommy, and he grabbed it and shoved it into his mouth angrily. Gnawing on the soft cold texture, until it soothed his aching gums. Whoever said babies had it easy was wrong. Tommy wanted to cry from the growing pains. Hell, he did sometimes.

Everything was wrong in the world. And it started because Technoblade was *gone*.

What a fucking inconsiderate asshole.

Phil smiled down at Tommy, running his fingers through Tommy's golden hair. "Well, I need to take care of some of the animals. Why don't we go outside today? It's practically spring. It'll be good for the both of us to get some fresh air."

Scratch that. Everything was wrong in the world. And it started because Phil was taking Tommy outside. And Technoblade wasn't here to stop him. Tommy bit harder on the teething ring in anger.

Jerk.

Phil cocked his head to the side, "don't you want to go *outside*?" There was a pause, and Tommy couldn't possibly scowl harder than he already was. "Huh, I would've thought you'd jump at the chance to go outside again." He puts his hands on his hips, "I can't leave you in here by yourself while I take care of the animals. It's just you and me, Tommy. You'll love being outside."

"Fat chance," Tommy grumbled around the teething ring, and then Phil did the unforgivable.

He picked Tommy up.

Tommy didn't stop angrily screaming until Phil tucked him under one arm and went outside, the diaper bag in one hand and Tommy in the other. Sunscreen on the tip of his nose like an old man, Phil swapped out his usual bucket hat to a wide brimmed one that flopped around as he took a step. He looked fucking stupid. He didn't care that Tommy was protesting loudly, instead he put Tommy in a pair of shorts and hauled him outside.

For the arctic, it was surprisingly warm outside. Tommy had just been in the mud yesterday and it had been cold, but the sunshine was at full power. Leaving snow melting in the shade and Tommy understood why Phil put him in lighter clothes.

Didn't mean he appreciated being manhandled like this.

Technoblade would've stopped Phil if he was here. But he wasn't. And it was all Technoblade's *fault*.

There was a patch of grass near the barn, and Phil dropped the diaper bag onto the ground with little ceremony. Tommy wiggled as Phil pulled out a blanket and spread it across the dirt, placing Tommy on it.

Tommy was tempted to grab the toys that Phil was putting on the blanket and throw them at the man, but Phil was talking, "-I'll be a bit busy. But I asked somebody to come by and watch you while I'm working, okay Tommy? Be good for them."

Prime, it better not be Ranboo. That is the last person Tommy ever wanted to see again. Tommy will vomit on Ranboo if he ever came near Tommy. Fuck Ranboo. Fuck Phil. Only Technoblade was worthy of Tommy's attention and he *abandoned Tommy* so he's also in deep

shit. Oh, when Tommy got his hands on Technoblade again, he was going to pull every single strand of pink hair out until the piglin hybrid was *bald*.

There was a flutter of wings, and dark figures swooped down from the sky. Catching Tommy's attention. He gasped as *Edward* his best friend and loyal follower, landed on the ground a few feet away, crowing a greeting.

Holy shit this day just got a whole lot better. The sun was shining. The bees were buzzing. And Edward the biggest pogchamp ever was *here*.

Tommy stopped crying and practically squealed with excitement. "Come here, Edward!" Holding his hands out to the bird, summoning his bestie to get closer.

"I knew you'd be happy to see them." Phil ruffled Tommy's hair fondly, and then he turned to the hulking mass of wings and feathers as a whole swarm of crows settled on every surface around. Only Edward came close, hopping onto the blanket and within Tommy's reach.

"Alright you shits," Phil narrowed his eyes at Chat, "you keep an eye on him. I will be in eyesight at all times and if I get a *hint* that you're harassing him I'm sending you all back to Kristin. Got it?"

The crows squawked in unison. Tommy jumped in surprise. Edward leaned up and nibbled gently on Tommy's hair, his beak clicking together next to Tommy's ear.

Phil leaned over and ruffled Tommy's hair one more time before standing up. "Be good, Tommy. Once I'm done we can go for a walk or something."

"Are you joking?" Tommy chuckled darkly, "you just gave me my army back. Get fucked, Philza Minecraft."

Operation: steal Philza's shitty hat began when Tommy shakily stood on his legs. His wings spread out wide to help him balance. His legs buckled at the weight, but Tommy was practically a pro at standing up. He was the biggest man ever.

He tilted his head back as far as he dared and let out a half-scream half-croak. It was vaguely bird-like. Tommy might have wings but he didn't fucking chirp, which was great. He tried to mimic what the crows around him were making. Hoping it was odd enough to draw Phil out from the barn.

It succeeded, and there was a shuffle of footsteps. "I hope that noise was you, Chat, or else-" Phil poked his head out and stared at Tommy. A pitchfork in his hand, a few bits of hay still clinging to the metal. He gasped.

The tool was dropped to the ground carelessly as Phil shuffled closer, an awed smile on his face. "Are you going to take your first steps, Tommy?" He held out his hands, dropping to his knees, "come here, kiddo. I know you can do it." He let out a croon that made Tommy's ears itch.

Then, Barbara, a pitch black glossy crow, swooped down and snatched the floppy hat off of Phil's head.

Tommy shrieked with laughter, clapping his hands together. His legs gave up and he sat back down with a soft thump, but he didn't care that the movement would leave a bruise. Phil clapped a hand on his head and his eyes snapped to Barbara. Despite being a large crow, she was struggling trying to fly off with the hat. It was heavier than it looked.

"Oh I see what you're doing here," Phil climbed to his feet, a dark glint in his eyes. "You're teaming up against me." He brushed the dirt off his pants casually, before suddenly lunging towards Barbara.

The crow squawked in surprise, almost letting the hat fall from her beak. "Go Edward go!" Tommy cried out, and Edward swooped in and napped the hat from Barbara, the dive allowing him to make it a few yards before the hat's weight made him fall in a pile of feathers and wings.

Phil dove, but he wasn't fast enough for Lizzie, the second lieutenant of Tommy's vast army. Phil swore as she swooped in, and just like the other two the hat was too heavy. But she tried valiantly, hopping away and fluttering her wings.

Phil caught up to her. Snatching up his hat, Lizzie still clinging to the rim. He tried to grab her but even the fiercest of warriors knew when to give up. She let go, fluttering away with a displeased screech.

Tommy tried something different this time. He knew he had bird vocal chords, but he's never used them besides screaming before.

He didn't chirp or croak, it was more like a whistle like noise. It made his nose tingle and he coughed from the strange sensation.

Phil's head snapped to the side to stare at Tommy. An unreadable expression on his face, but even from afar, Tommy could see his eyes were big and dark.

Then Pogboy swooped in and stole the hat again. A dark shadow blurring past Phil and the hat went with it.

Tommy cracked up in breathless laughter as Phil cursed and the chase began anew.

This was *perfect*.

Tommy's face was flushed with excitement and the sun's heat when Phil finally nabbed his hat from Tommy's crow army. Edward had given up joining in when most of Chat flew in to steal the hat. And he joined Tommy on the blanket, watching Phil curse and jog after the offending crows.

Edward started to nibble at Tommy's wings, and with a large amount of concentration, Tommy opened them up. It felt wonderful when Edward dipped his beak in and scratched at

the tender skin. Edward didn't get very far, Phil coming up with hat clutched in his hand, and the man shooed him away. "Off of him, you lil brat." Phil scowled, "I don't know where your little beak has been, I'm not letting you touch his wings. Get, or I'll tell Kristin."

Edward let out a hissy croak but took off. And Tommy scowled up at Phil. The man put his hands on his hips and let out a long sigh, "come on, Tommy. That's enough excitement for me today."

"You're just old." Tommy grumbled, raising a hand to put in his mouth. Phil caught it, pulling it away from Tommy.

"I don't know where these birds are half the time, I don't want you to get sick after touching them." Chat, from where they were perched around Phil, rose up in protest. Cawing angrily. And he waved them away, "ignore them, they're nasty things. Let's go inside. Okay buddy?"

Tommy scowled, but it was getting pretty hot. The sun was alone in the clear blue sky. And Tommy had been starting to get warm under it's direct light. The cool arctic air was nice, but Tommy hadn't expected to see the place get *warm*. It's supposed to be snowy and cold here year round. But it turns out that wasn't true. Grass was sprouting up from the ground underneath the slowly diminishing piles of snow.

Phil packed everything back up and carried Tommy back inside. The shade was refreshing to Tommy's skin. And he squirmed as Phil brought him over to the sink and washed his hands with the baby soap they had. At one point, just to show his ire to Phil, he clapped his hands under the spray of water and splashed them both.

Good.

Phil laughed under his breath at the action, and then after washing his own hands he took Tommy into the living room. Phil sat down on the ground, placing Tommy on his lap. "Let's see," Phil murmured to himself, tracing his fingers across Tommy's fluff covered wings. Tommy whined and squirmed, but Phil kept him steady in his lap. "Come on Tommy, you know we need to do some exercises."

Didn't mean Tommy would *like* it.

He scowled even harder, and Phil crooned sweetly. He pulled Tommy's wings back and forth, gently stretching them out. Tommy whined and shrieked his displeasure, but Phil hummed and chirped. It was an eternity of suffering through it. Tommy hated every second. But by the time Phil released Tommy, his back and wings felt relaxed and whatever stress had built up had eased.

Tommy would never say that it felt 'nice' or anything. Instead he tried to inch his way out of Phil's lap. If he could just crawl away then-

"You know," Phil said, his voice breathy like a coo, "the bird had the right idea." And he dragged a finger through Tommy's downy fluff and poked at an itchy area. Tommy jumped like he was electrocuted. "Yep, I think you're ready, kiddo."

“Ready for what?” Tommy practically squeaked, and Phil pulled him up higher onto his lap. “What are you doing, bird brain?” He kicked out in protest but hit nothing.

“Nestling’s first preening,” Phil hummed to himself, pulling open one of Tommy’s wings gently. “Your little downy feathers can get knotted together, and trust me, it isn’t nice when they’re pulling on each other.”

Tommy tried to look over his shoulder, but Phil pressed one hand against his back to keep him still. And then he removed it, touching at the feathers at the base of his wings. At first it didn’t feel like anything, just Phil fingers gently petting at the feathers. Like he was dragging his fingers through Tommy’s hair.

And then Phil pulled one feather from where it laid crooked against the others and Tommy’s breath caught in his throat. Like an itch that Tommy didn’t know he had was finally being scratched, a sudden surge of satisfaction was punched into his chest. And then Phil did another one, and Tommy couldn’t help but melt. It was-

Great.

It was like Phil found his off switch somehow. The world suddenly shrank down to the heat of Phil’s palms as he slowly ran his fingers through the feathers. Pulling the crooked ones straight. A few he gently tugged on, but they held firm. A small part of Tommy’s mind squirmed at the sensation, because those feathers were particularly annoying. If Phil could magic them to not feel horrible, Tommy would love it. But he moved on, working on the other feathers.

Phil softly warbled, and somewhere deep in Tommy’s mind, disgustingly out of reach for Tommy to grasp, something flickered. Tommy hiccupped. There was something missing. Something he *needed*-

Then Phil pulled on another feather and Tommy was distracted.

It felt wonderful. Tommy’s thoughts got fuzzy. And he leaned into Phil’s hands, pressing his wing further into his palms. Just for more. Because it was so, so, so, good. He hiccupped again. Blinking sluggishly.

“There you go, doesn’t that feel nice?” Phil crooned, holding out the note longer and that missing thing poked at Tommy’s brain again. Tommy squirmed because there was something tugging on him, something he wanted to-

“Nestling,” Phil sighed softly, “my little boy. Look at you. You’re so sweet and cuddly.” Phil finished the tip of Tommy’s second wing, and then gently dragged his fingers across Tommy’s feathers. They puffed up and then fell flat as Tommy drifted in that rich warm fuzzy place in his head. “I almost wish Technoblade was here to see this. But I’m selfish,” Phil leaned down and pressed a kiss to Tommy’s hair, “and I don’t want to share this part with him. You have such small wings, there isn’t enough room for both of us.”

Phil continued to pet Tommy’s wings, stopping occasionally to tug on a feather or two before resuming. And Tommy melted into his side. Pressing his face up against Phil’s chest.

Hiccupping softly between breaths.

And then-

Phil *stopped*.

“What the-” Tommy blinked slowly, raising his head up to look at Phil. The man smiled. Tommy squirmed and whined, flexing his wing up to press against Phil’s hand. Why did he stop? It was so nice.

The world jumped as Phil let out a chuckle. “That’s all I can do for you, nestling. You’re done. It’s over. Your wings are clean.”

Tommy let out long keening cry, grabbing a fist full of Phil’s shirt and pressing his face into Phil’s chest. He wasn’t done. He wanted more. It felt *so good*. Unbelievably good. It was like Tommy had just spent an hour in a hot spring and all his muscles were loose and warm. He couldn’t stop the hitch in his breath as tears formed in his eyes. It wasn’t fair! He wasn’t done. He wanted more.

Phil laughed, his fingers trailing up and down Tommy’s spine. Tommy strained his wings as open as he could get them in the hopes that Phil would touch them again. “I’m sorry, your feathers are all neat. I don’t have to continue preening you, Tommy. They are as neat as they are going to get, nestling. Although,” Phil’s hand paused, “there is one thing I could do.”

As long as Phil is picking through his feathers again, Tommy did not give a shit what he was going to do. He watched with blurry eyes as Phil leaned forwards, freeing one of his own giant dark wings. They were messy, and Phil ignored the skewed feathers as he pulled the tip of his wing down.

His fingers dipped into the feathers, rubbing at something before returning with glistening fingertips. Something wet on the edge of them.

Something poked from the depths of Tommy’s brain again. (That’s-)

“You won’t produce your own for a while, kiddo.” Phil hummed, “this’ll help.” And he brought it down to Tommy’s wings. The touch was warm, and it was a mild surprise to Tommy. But his eyelids fluttered closed as Phil began to rub it against his feathers. It wasn’t as wet as Tommy thought it would be.

Eh, who cares though. Tommy was just happy that Phil was preening him again. He blissfully fell into that warm buzzy state again. Keeping his wings spread open widely for Phil. Pressing into the warm, gentle fingers that always seemed to know exactly where to touch. Phil ran his fingers over every feather. Rubbing at the skin where the feathers emerged and letting the barbs glide through his digits. Coating the fuzz with the wet stuff.

There was a new smell. Something woodsy. Tommy couldn’t pinpoint it but it was familiar. Irrationally he wanted to wrap himself up in it and never leave. It was soothing and that niggling feeling of something he was missing was poking at him again and would it just stop?

Tommy was buzzing. He didn't have time for thoughts. He just wanted to stay under Phil's watchful eye and (stay under his wing) float in this nice feeling for forever.

No worries. No thoughts. Just nice warmth.

It was *great*.

Tommy was almost completely asleep when Phil stopped for a second time. He could barely open his eyes to whine. But that thing from the shadows told him to listen and Tommy did. The soft coos and croons from Phil was (*safe-safe-safe-safe*) really nice.

There was a prickle from Phil's stubble when he leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to the top of Tommy's head. "I love you, Tommy." Phil whispered, "my little son. I am so happy you fell into my arms."

Tommy wasn't... mad. He kind of liked Phil too. He wasn't the worst person on the server. He was okay. A bit weird sometimes. But Tommy won't complain. Phil was nice. And that's all Tommy could ask for these days.

He fell asleep after a few more blinks. Curling his fingers into Phil's shirt.

Lava dripped and popped, slowly sliding down the edge of the opening and into the pool below. It was a wonder it wasn't sliding into the prison cell. But then again, Techno had walked through the prison. All the way until the platform hit the edge of Dream's cell, the deranged man yelling at him that it was a trap. It was a work of art, had Techno been more appreciative he might have said so to Sam. But he was walking into his own doom, so he did what he always did: joke.

Techno flipped a coin in his hand. His thoughts idle. He had grown quiet as time passed on. Dream was sitting in a corner, his orange jumpsuit torn and disgusting. Techno wouldn't have gotten near the man had he not been trapped here with him. Techno didn't eye Dream any closer than he had to. The once mighty warrior stripped back into pieces. Gone was the thick padding of muscle. Instead was thin and wiry skin with far more scars than before. *Ting*.

All Techno had to do was walk into the prison and ask a few questions. It didn't take the full three days. But they had been cautious planning. And they opted to wait.

Techno let the lava pop, counting the sounds as he flicked the coin again and again. It made a ringing noise every time. Echoing around in the small barren place. *Ting*.

"Will you *stop* that." Dream snapped, wild eyes behind his cracked mask.

"Breathin'?" Techno's mouth twitched up in a humorless smile, "I'm good, thanks. Anybody ever tell you that this is a shit house, Dream."

"This *isn't* my house." Dream snarled, bristling with uncontrollable temper. "And I have one, by the way."

“Right.” Techno snickered, tilting his head from where it rested on the crying obsidian.
“That’s what a homeless person would say.”

“Shut up.” Dream looked ready to throw hands. Techno knew quite clearly who would win that particular fight. He wasn’t bothered. Why should he be? Dream was nothing now. An admin that lost his server.

Techno waited a minute of silence to pass before pursing his lips and whistling. The old annoying song that Tommy- old Tommy, that is- would belt out. How did the words ago again? ‘*I heard there was a... nice place?*’ Something like that. Prime it had been annoying in that shitty ravine. It only got worse when Wilbur joined.

He brushed the memories away like cobwebs. Those people were gone now. Both boys had changed. One into a ghost and the other-

Ting.

“Do you ever *stop*.”

“Not really.” Techno huffed, glancing over to see Dream digging his fingers into the side of his head. Trying to block out the sound. And he was failing.

Techno whistled a couple more bars of the stupid song. He didn’t know the rest. Something something... La’manburg something something... eh. He wasn’t too pressed about the lyrics.
Ting.

Dream let out an angry scream. Techno watched calmly. It petered out, leaving Dream gasping and shaking from the effort.

After a beat, Techno let out a low whistle, “somebody has anger issues. I think you might need to see a doctor, pal.”

Dream’s hands twisted up. Reaching up and grasping at the air angrily like he was imagining tearing Techno’s throat out. All it did was make him look unhinged.

Kind of cringe that Techno was trapped with a weirdo.

After a few seconds, just before Techno was going to start up again, Dream spoke up. “Can you tell me what’s been happening? Outside? What I’ve missed?”

Techno hummed for a second. *Ting*. Considering his options. He let the coin fall into his palm before closing the fingers around it. “Not much has happened, to be honest. Nothing does in times of peace.”

“Peace, huh?” Dream whispered, staring into nothing. “Surely they’ve must’ve done *something*.”

“Nah.” Techno shrugged his shoulders.

“So they lock me up and decide it’s time for *peace*? ” Dream’s hands were shaking even harder than before, “like I was the cause of everything bad? I tried to keep this server together with my own two hands and *this* is how they repay me?”

“Sounds like it.”

“I- I did everything for them. I worked my ass off. I made this a fair place. And all they wanted to do was- *fucking make their own country*.”

“Yep.”

Dream screamed again. Techno rolled his eyes, turning away. Three days. Surely it had been three days so far. It couldn’t have been less than that. Techno didn’t have a clock on him but he had eaten and slept enough.

It would be another few seconds. And then he’ll be home. Away from the slowly crazed former admin. And he would be back in his cabin soon enough, Phil by his side and his runt in his arms.

Just a few more seconds. Just a little more. Techno can wait just a little while longer.

Ting.

Chapter End Notes

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Special thanks to Bones for letting me use BLP (Barbara, Lizzie, and Pogboy) who are their crow OC's from SOBC. 10 out of 10 great use for an army.

(You might have noticed that some of my fics suddenly have disappeared a few weeks ago and you probably got an email saying that they have been reposted, I just had um. I had to threaten a good friend of mine. That's all. They are back up, same as before. lol.)

End Notes

[muffled sobbing] I can't believe I'm doing another baby fic. Help. Helllp meeee. I was supposed to be in the HP fandom. And now I'm HERE. Where did I go wrong??

My friend, Bitsinboots, author of Secret of Being Colorful and I have made a discord (MULTIFANDOM NOW as of April 2024) server together. It is a 15+ age server. And it's a dictatorship. But if you'd like to come hang out with us, feel free. Here is the [discord link](#).

If you want me to update faster I want validation, please. I need that sweet, sweet serotonin.

Works inspired by this one

[A Flower For You](#) by Anonymous

[Restricted Work] by [Unlikely_\(ElbowAnarchy\)](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!